

THE  
HOME  
MELODIST

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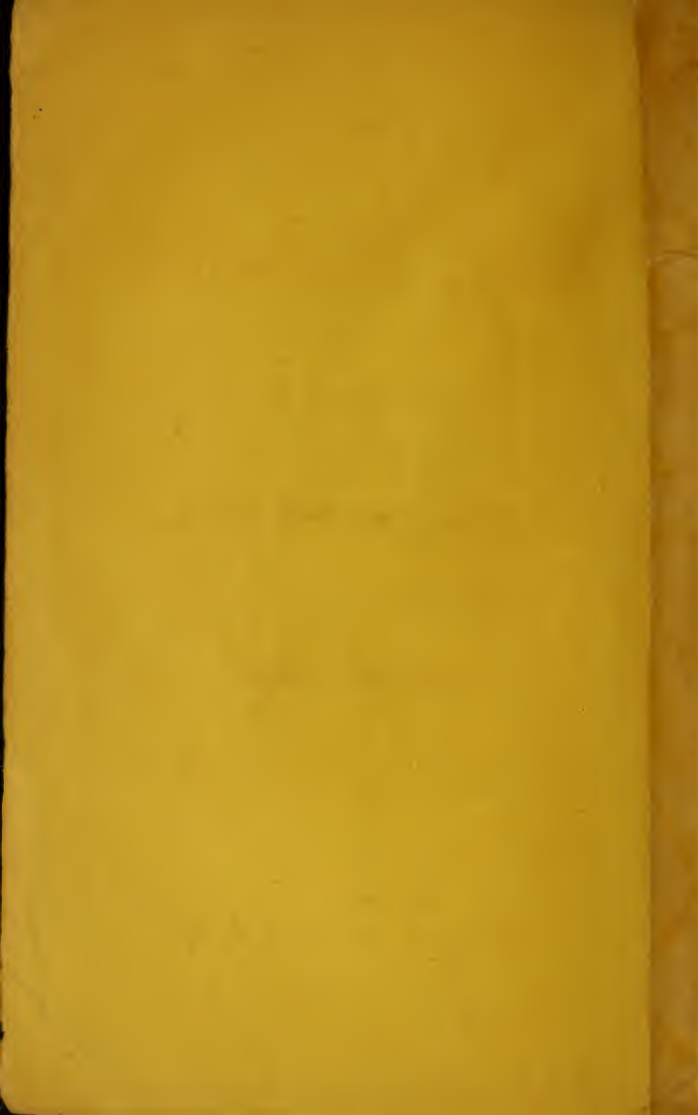
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THE



# Home Melodist

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS AND BALLADS,

WORDS AND MUSIC.

[Any Piece in this Book may be obtained with Piano  
Accompaniment at the Music Stores.]

BOSTON  
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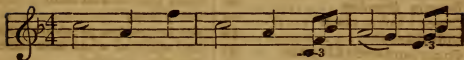
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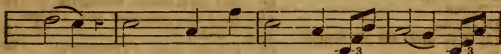
# The Home Melodist.

## SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

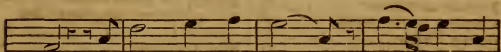
W. V. WALLACE.



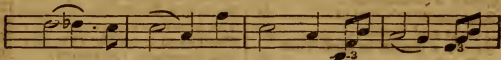
Scenes that are bright - est May charm a -



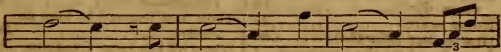
while, Hearts which are light - est, And eyes that



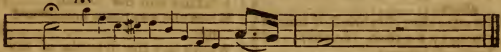
smile: Yet o'er them, a - bove us, Tho' na - ture



beam, With none to love us, How sad they



seem, With none to love us, How



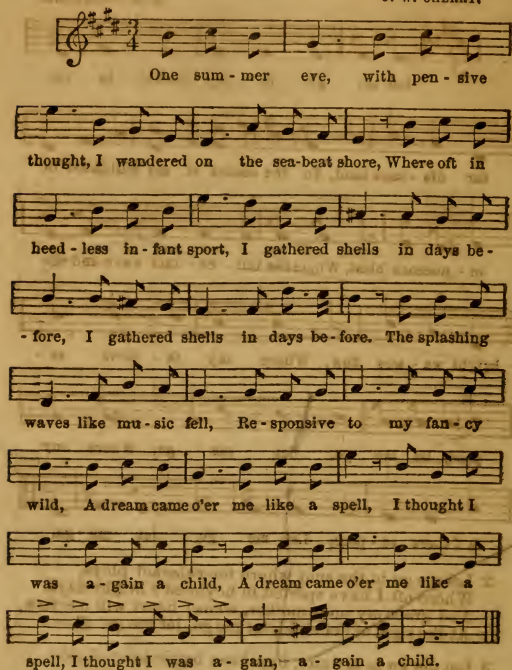
sad..... they seem.

2 Words cannot scatter  
The thoughts we fear,  
For though they flatter,  
They mock the ear.  
Hopes will still deceive us,  
With tearful cost,  
And when they leave us,  
The heart is lost etc.



## SHELLS OF OCEAN.

J. W. CHERRY.



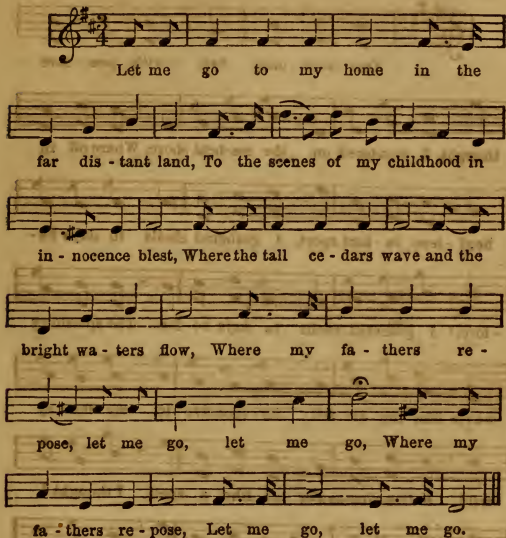
One sum - mer eve, with pen - sive  
 thought, I wandered on the sea-beat shore, Where oft in  
 heed - less in - fant sport, I gathered shells in days be -  
 - fore, I gathered shells in days be - fore. The splashing  
 waves like mu - sic fell, Re - spon - sive to my fan - cy  
 wild, A dream came o'er me like a spell, I thought I  
 was a - gain a child, A dream came o'er me like a  
 spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child.

2 I stood upon the pebbly strand,  
 To cull the toys that round me lay,  
 But as I took them in my hand,  
 ¶ I threw them one by one away; ¶  
 Oh! thus I said in every stage,  
 By toys our fancy is beguiled,  
 ¶ We gather shells from youth to age,  
 And then we leave them like a child. ¶



## THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

I. B. WOODBURY:



Let me go to my home in the  
 far dis - tant land, To the scenes of my childhood in  
 in - nocence blest, Where the tall ce - dars wave and the  
 bright wa - ters flow, Where my fa - thers re -  
 pose, let me go, let me go, Where my  
 fa - thers re - pose, Let me go, let me go.

2 Let me go to the spot where the cataract plays,  
 Where oft I have sported in boyhood's bright days,  
 And greet my poor mother, whose heart will o'erflow,  
 ¶ At the sight of her child, let me go, let me go. ¶ —

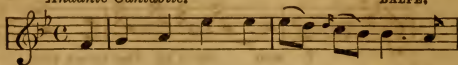
3 Let me go to my sire, by whose battle-scarred side,  
 I have sported so oft in the morn of my pride,  
 And exulted to conquer the insolent foe,  
 ¶ To my father, the chief, let me go, let me go. ¶

4 And oh ! let me go to my wild forest home,  
 No more from its life-cheering pleasures to roam,  
 'Neath the groves of the glen, let my ashes lie low,  
 ¶ To my home in the woods let me go, let me go. ¶

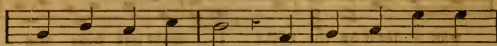
## THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

*Andante Cantabile.*

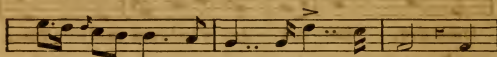
BALFE.



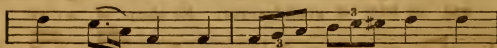
When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their



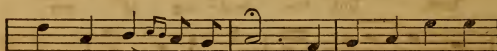
tales of love shall tell, In lan-guage whose ex-



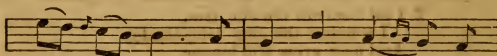
- cess im - parts The pow'r they feel so well, There



may per - haps in such... a..... scene Some



re - col - lec - - tion be, Of days that have as



hap - py been, And you'll re - mem - ber



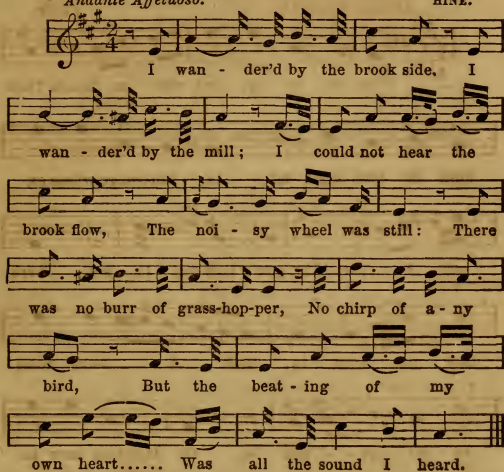
me,... And you'll re - member, you'll re-mem - ber me.

- 2 When coldness or deceit shall slight  
 The beauty now they prize,  
 And deem it but a faded light,  
 Which beams within your eyes,  
 When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,  
 'Twill break your own to see,  
 In such a moment I but ask,  
 That you'll remember, etc.

## I WAN-ER'D BY THE BROOKSIDE.

*Andante Affetuoso.*

HINE.



I wan - der'd by the brook side, I  
 wan - der'd by the mill; I could not hear the  
 brook flow, The noi - sy wheel was still: There  
 was no burr of grass-hop-per, No chirp of a - ny  
 bird, But the beat - ing of my  
 own heart..... Was all the sound I heard.

- 2 I sat beneath the elm tree,  
 I watched the long, long shade,  
 And as it grew still longer,  
 I did not feel afraid,  
 For I listen'd for a footfall,  
 I listened for a word But the beating, etc.
- 3 He came not, ah no ! he came not,  
 The night came on alone,  
 The little stars sat one by one,  
 Each on his golden throne,  
 The ev'ning air pass'd by my cheek,  
 The leaves above were stirr'd, etc.
- 4 Fast silent tears were flowing,  
 When something stood behind,  
 A hand was on my shoulder,  
 I knew its touch was kind,  
 It drew me nearer, nearer,  
 We did not speak one word,  
 For the beating, etc.

## OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

*Allegretto.*

VERDI.

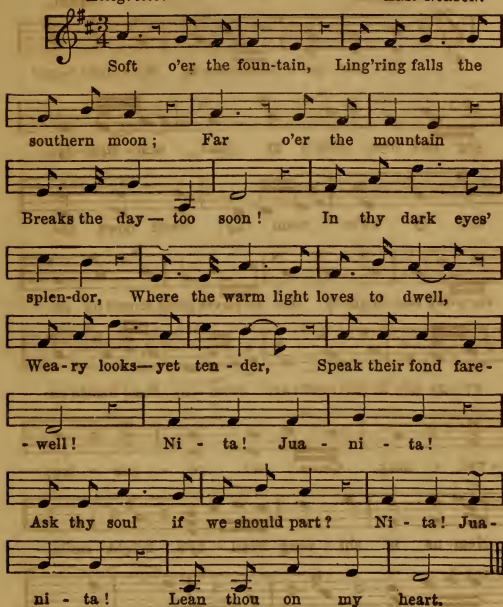
O - ver the summer sea, With light hearts  
 gay and free, Join'd by glad min - strel - sy,  
 Gai - ly we're roam - ing; Swift flows the  
 rip - pling tide, Light - ly the ze - phyr's glide Round us on  
 ev' - ry side Bright crests are foam - ing. Fond hearts en -  
 - twi - ning, Cease.. all re - pin - ing,  
 Near us is shi - ning Beau - ty's bright smile,  
 Beau - ty's bright smile. Ah!.....  
 ..... Beau - ty's... bright smile.

- 2 List! there's a bird on high, Never let sorrow stay,  
 Far in yon azure sky, Brief joys to sadden."  
 Flinging sweet melody, Fond hearts entwining,  
 Each heart to gladden; Who'd be repining,  
 Hark! its song seems to say, While near is shining, etc  
 "Banish dull care away,

## JUANITA.

*Allegretto.*

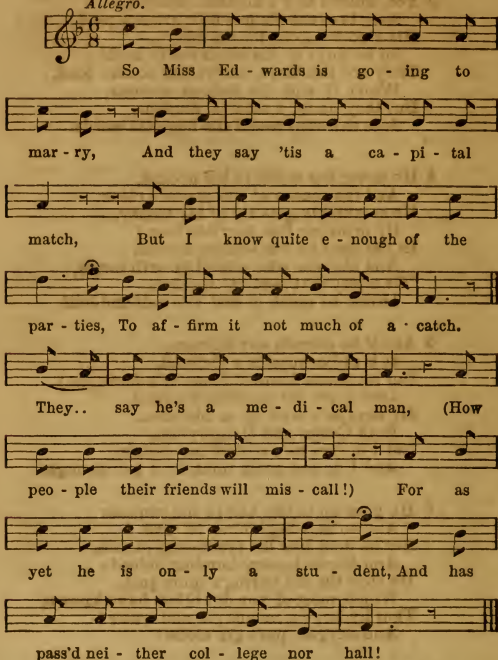
MRS. NORTON.



Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the  
southern moon; Far o'er the mountain  
Breaks the day— too soon! In thy dark eyes'  
splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,  
Wea-ry looks—yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare -  
well! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!  
Ask thy soul if we should part? Ni - ta! Jua -  
ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.

2 When in thy dreaming,  
Moons like these shall shine again,  
And daylight beaming,  
Prove thy dreams are vain,  
Wilt thou not, relenting,  
For thine absent lover sigh?  
In thy heart consenting,  
To a prayer gone by?  
Nita! Juanita!  
Let me linger by thy side,  
Nita Juanita!  
Be my own fair bride.

## THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

*Allegro.*


So Miss Ed - wards is go - ing to  
mar - ry, And they say 'tis a ca - pi - tal  
match, But I know quite e - nough of the  
par - ties, To af - firm it not much of a - catch.  
They.. say he's a me - di - cal man, (How  
peo - ple their friends will mis - call!) For as  
yet he is on - ly a stu - dent, And has  
pass'd nei - ther col - lege nor hall!

2 Yes, indeed, he's a medical student,  
And he wears such a horrid rough coat,  
Fitted up with those ugly wood buttons,  
Which he fastens quite up to his throat,  
Then his hat cost about four and nine,  
With a brim very broad and quite flat,  
'Tis a pity that medical students  
Have such love for a gossamer hat



- 3 Yes, indeed he's a medical student,  
And because his last bills are not paid,  
His credit is gone for the future,  
So he buys all his boots ready made ;  
They are Bluchers, and rather square toed,  
Which ill with the fashion accords,  
But they do for a medical student,  
Just to tramp round the hospital wards.
- 4 He never has much in his pocket,  
And the reason of this is quite clear,  
He so quickly gets rid of his money,  
By drinking that horrible beer !  
In the class he but seldom is seen,  
And at those who attend he will laugh,  
'Tis a pity that medical students  
Drink so much of that vile half-and-half.
- 5 And if he attends any lectures,  
It is'nt because he's inclined,  
But he shows himself (once in a fortnight,) **Just to get his certificate signed.**  
He says he's well up in his latin,  
Both Celsus and Gregory too,  
But I'm sure he's a little too certain,  
And I do not much think he'll get through.
- 6 He goes up to the hall in the summer  
And so he's beginning to read,  
But he dont like his practice of physic,  
And thinks botany humbug indeed :  
He says the old saying's quite just,  
Which most of you doubtless have **known,**  
That hydrogen, means gin and water !  
And oxygen, pure gin alone !
- 7 And when he has passed all his troubles,  
He still from his lady must roam,  
For you know 'tis a horrid profession,  
And you can't catch an instant at home ;  
Dear girls, if you'll take my advice,  
You will never repent of the plan,  
However hard up" for an offer,  
Never marry a medical man !



## THE SWITZER'S FAREWELL.

*Andante.*

GEO. LINLEY.

A - dieu, dear land, With beau - ty

teem - ing, Where first I lov'd a care - less

child; Of thee my heart will e'er be

dream - ing. Thy snow - clad peaks and moun - tains

wild. Dear land! that I cher - ish, Oh!

long may'st thou flour - ish; My mem' - ry must

per - ish, Ere I for - get thee.

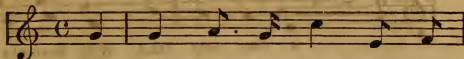
2 Far from my home I soon must wander,  
 In stranger land be doomed to dwell,  
 O! best beloved! my heart grows fonder,  
 While thus I breath my last farewell.

Receive this sad token,  
 I leave thee heart broken,  
 Our parting is spoken,  
 Beloved one, farewell!

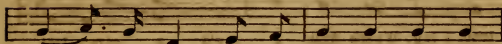
## JANE O'MALLEY.

*Andante con Espressione.*

L. V. H. CRISBY.



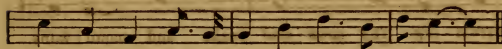
I'll tell thee a tale of a



mai - den's veil, It was worn by Jane O'

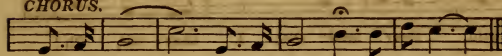


Mal - ley; On the high - land green her



form was seen, But she now sleeps in the val-ley.

## CHORUS.



She now sleeps... She now sleeps in the val-ley.

2 One year ago, when the sun was low,

Along with Elwyn Ally,

To chat and talk she took a walk,

But she now sleeps in the valley. *Chorus.*

3 They talked of love, she stood above

A rocky cliff with Ally,

Alas she fell, he could not save,

And she now sleeps in the valley. *Chorus.*

4 They searched around, till the spot was found,

Where struggled Jane O'Malley;

Where the rock was cleft, her veil was left,

And she now sleeps in the valley. *Chorus.*

## NOT FOR GOLD OR PRECIOUS STONES.

Not for gold or precious stones Would I  
change my mountain home; Crowds and fashions of the  
town Have no pow - er to draw me down. La  
la..... la la la la la..... la  
la..... la..... la la la la  
la..... la, La..... la  
la..... la..... la la..... la  
la..... la la..... la la..... la

- 2 Here the heart beats true and warm,  
Knows no fear in danger's storm,  
Truth and freedom flourish here,  
In their native atmosphere. La, la la, etc.
- 3 Oft I climb and gaze alone,  
From some airy Alpine throne,  
With a feeling pure and high,  
As of blessed spirits nigh. etc.
- 4 I would breathe this air, till death  
Charms away my mortal breath,  
Nursed above earth's poor alarms,  
Here to wake in angel's arms. etc.

## HEARTS AND HOMES.

*Moderato.*

BLUCKLEY.

Hearts and Homes, sweet words of pleasure, Mu - sic  
 breath - ing as ye fall; Mak - ing each the oth - er's  
 treasure, Once di - vi - ded, los - ing all, Homes, ye  
 may be high or low - ly, Hearts a - lone can make you  
 ho - ly, Be the dwelling e'er so small—Hav - ing  
 love, it boasteth all..... Hearts and Homes, sweet words of  
 pleasure, Mu - sic breathing as ye fall, Mak - ing  
 each the oth - er's treasure, Once di - vi - ded los - ing  
 all, Hearts and Homes! Hearts and Homes!

2 Hearts and Homes, sweet words revealing,

All most good and fair to see,

Fitting shrines of purest feeling,

Temples meet to bend the knee,

Infant hands bright garlands wreathing,

Happy voices incense breathing,

Emblems fair of realms above,

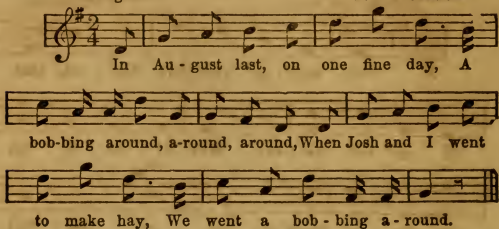
"For love is Heav'n, and Heav'n is love."

Hearts and Homes, sweet words. etc.

## BOBBIN' AROUND.

*Allegretto.*

W. J. FLORENCE



- 2 Says Josh to me, let's take a walk,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Then we can have a private talk,  
As we go bobbing around.
- 3 We walked along to the mountain ridge,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Till we got near Squire Slipshod's bridge,  
As we went bobbing around.
- 4 Then Josh and I went on a spree,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
And I kissed Josh and Josh kissed me,  
As we went bobbing around
- 5 Then Josh's pluck no longer tarri'd,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Says he, dear Patience, let's get marri'd,  
Then we'll go bobbing around.
- 6 Now I knew he lov'd another gal,  
A bobbing around, around, around, [Sal,  
They call'd her long legg'd, crook'd shin'd, curly-toothed  
When we went bobbing around.
- 7 So after we got into church,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
I cut and left Josh in the lurch,  
Then he went bobbing around.
- 8 Now all you chaps what's got a gal,  
A bobbing around, around, around,  
Do think of long legg'd, crook'd shin, curly-toothed Sal  
When you go bobbing around.

## OH, WHISPER WHAT THOU FEELEST.

*Andante con Moto.*

B. RICHARDS.

Oh, whis - per what thou feel - est, that  
no un - hal - low'd ear, May lis - ten to the  
mu - sic of words to me..... so dear! But  
if their tones should fal - ter, And on thy lip should  
die, Oh, let their hon - ied sweet - ness Be  
ga - ther'd from thy sigh..... Oh, whis - per what thou  
feel - est, That no un - hal - low'd ear May  
lis - ten to the mu - sic of words to me so dear.

2 The bashful bird of even,  
That shuns the plumed throng,  
Pours forth her plaintive magic,  
When none can hear her song;  
And so do thou but whisper  
The sounds that I would hear,  
When their enchanting softness,  
Can reach no other ear,  
Oh! whisper, etc.



## VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

*Andante.*

PARTY.

'Tis of a rich mer - chant who in  
 Lon - don did dwell; He had but one  
 daughter, an un - kim - mon nice young gall. Her  
 name it was Di - nah, scarce six - teen years  
 old, With a ve - ry large for - tune in  
 sil - ver and gold. Sing - ing to la lol  
 la rol lall to ral lal la. Sing - ing  
 to lal lol la rol lall to ral lal la.

- 2 As Dinah was valiking the garden one day,  
 Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say—  
 "Go dress yourself Dinah, in gorgeous array,  
 And take yourself a husband both gallant and gay!"  
 Singing to la lol, etc. *Chorus.*

- 3 Oh papa, oh papa, I've not made up my mind,  
 And to marry just yet, why, I don't feel inclined;  
 To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,  
 If you'll let me live single a year or two more  
 Singing to la lol, etc.



- 4 "Go, go boldest daughter," the parient replied,  
 "If you wont consent to be this here young man's bride,  
 I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,  
 And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin."  
 Singing to la lol, etc.

- 5 As Vilikins was valiking the garden around,  
 He spied his dear Dinah laying dead upon the ground,  
 And the cup of cold pison it lay by her side,  
 With a billet-dux a stating 'twas by pison she died.  
 Singing to la lol, etc.

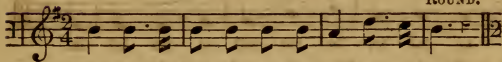
- 6 He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,  
 And called her his Dinah, though she was no more,  
 Then swallowed the poison like a lovyer so brave,  
 And Vilikens and his Dinah lie both in one grave,  
 Singing to la lol, etc.

## MORAL.

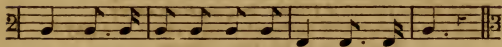
Now all you young maidens take warning by her,  
 Never, not by no means disobey your governor,  
 And all you young fellows, mind who you claps eyes on,  
 Think of Vilikens and Dinah and the cup of cold pison.  
 Singing to la lol, etc.

## BIME, BOME, BELL.

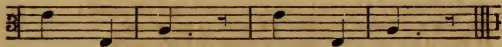
ROUND.



Bime, bome, the bells are ringing, Come, come a-way ;



I hear their dis-tant ring-ing, Come, come a - way ;



Bime, bome, bell,

Bime, bome, bell.

## THE SERENADE.

SCHUBERT.

Thro' the leaves the night-winds mov-ing,

Mur-mur low and sweet; To thy cham-ber

win-dow rov-ing, Love hath led my feet.

Si-lent pray'rs of bliss-ful feel-ing, Link us though a-

part, Link us, though a-part,

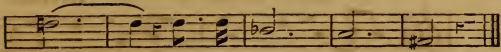
On the breath of mu-sic stealing, To thy dreaming

heart, To thy dream-ing heart,

Sad-ly in the for-est mour-ning, Wails the whippoor-

will, And the heart for thee is yearning,

Bid it love, be still, Bid it love, be



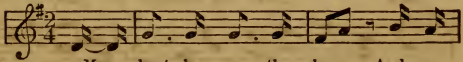
still..... Bid it love, be still,

2 Moonlight on the earth is sleeping,  
Winds are rustling low,  
Where the darkling streams are creeping,  
Dearest let us go.

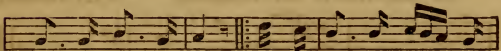
3 All the stars keep watch in heaven,  
While I sing to thee;  
And the night for love was given,  
Dearest come to me.



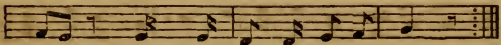
### HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, TOM MOORE.



My boat is on the shore, And my



bark is on the sea; But be-fore I go, Tom



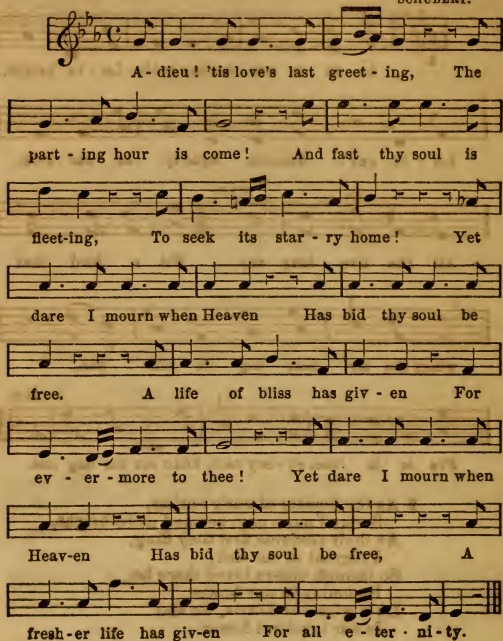
Moore, Here's a dou - ble health to thee,

2 There's a sigh for those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate,  
And whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate,

3 Wer't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
E'er my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

## LAST GREETING.

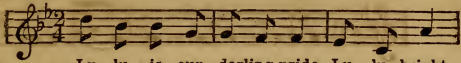
SCHUBERT.



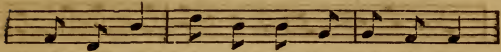
A - dieu ! 'tis love's last greet - ing, The  
 part - ing hour is come ! And fast thy soul is  
 fleet-ing, To seek its star - ry home ! Yet  
 dare I mourn when Heaven Has bid thy soul be  
 free. A life of bliss has giv - en For  
 ev - er - more to thee ! Yet dare I mourn when  
 Heav-en Has bid thy soul be free, A  
 fresh-er life has giv-en For all e - ter - ni - ty.

2 Adieu ! go thou before me,  
 To join the seraph throng !  
 A secret sense comes o'er me,  
 I tarry here not long.  
 Adieu ! there comes a morrow,  
 To ev'ry day of pain ;  
 On earth we part in sorrow,  
 To meet in bliss again !  
 Adieu ! etc.

## LULU IS OUR DARLING PRIDE.

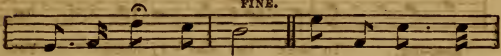


Lu - lu is our darling pride, Lu - lu bright,

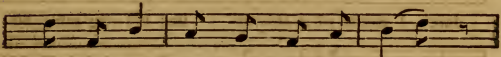


Lu - lu gay; Dancing light-ly at our side,

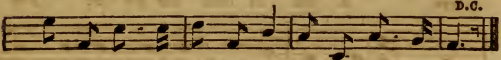
FINE.



All the live - long day. Not a bird that



wings the air, Soar - ing to the sun,



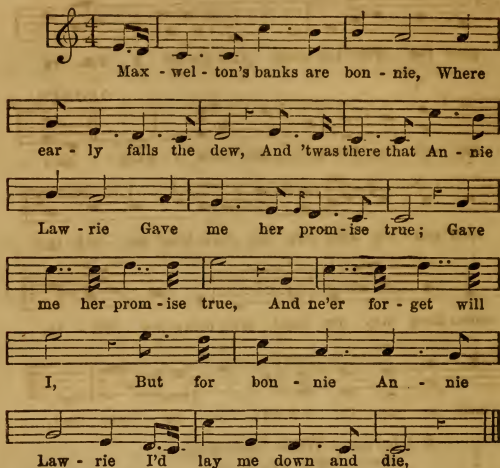
D.C.

Fre er is from ev - ery care, Than our dar-ling one.

2 As the flowers of early spring,  
 Seemed more gay, seemed more bright,  
 As their perfume first they fling,  
 Fragrant at our feet;  
 So though others loved there be,  
 Blooming in our bower,  
 Lulu wins our hearts, for she  
 Is our loveliest flower.

3 When the clouds of trouble come,  
 Lulu soothes all our care:  
 Ah! how dark would be our home,  
 Were not Lulu there!  
 Lulu, with her sunny smiles,  
 Cheering every heart,  
 Till each trouble she beguiles,  
 And the clouds depart.

## ANNIE LAWRIE.



Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - nie, Where  
ear - ly falls the dew, And 'twas there that An - nie  
Law - rie Gave me her prom - ise true; Gave  
me her prom - ise true, And ne'er for - get will  
I, But for bon - nie An - nie  
Law - rie I'd lay me down and die,

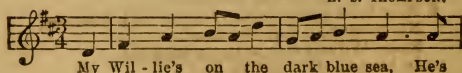
2 Her brow is like the snow-drift,  
Her throat is like the swan,  
Her face is as the fairest,  
||: That e'er the sun shone on; ||  
And dark blue is her e'e,  
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, etc.

3 Like dew on the gowan lying,  
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,  
And like winds in summer sighing,  
||: Her voice is low and sweet, ||  
And she's a' the world to me,  
And for bonnie Annie Lawrie, etc.



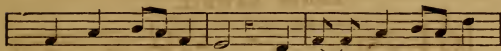
## WILLIE'S ON THE DARK BLUE SEA.

H. S. THOMPSON.



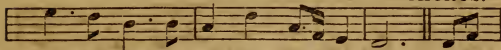
My Wil - lie's on the dark blue sea, He's



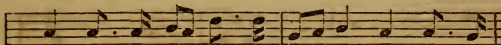


gone far o'er the main, And ma-ny a wea-ry

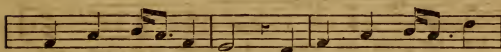
*CHORUS.*



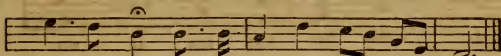
day will pass, Ere he'll come back a - gain. Now



blow gen - tle wind o'er the dark blue sea, Bid the



storm king stay his hand, And bring my Wil - lie



back to me, To his own dear na - tive land.

2 I love my Willie best of all,  
He e'er was true to me,  
But lonesome, dreary are the hours,  
Since first he went to sea. *Chorus.*

3 There's danger on the water now,  
I hear the blondbills cry;  
And moaning voices seem to speak,  
From out the cloudy sky.

4 I see the vivid lightnings flash,  
And hark! the thunders roar,  
Oh, Father, save my Willie from  
The storm king's mighty power.

5 And as she spoke the lightning ceased,  
Hushed was the thunder's roar;  
And Willie clasped her in his arms,  
To roam the seas no more.

*Chorus to last verse.*

6 Now blow gentle wind, o'er the dark blue sea,  
No more we'll stay thy hand,  
Since Willie's safe at home with me,  
In his own dear native land.



## PRISON SONG.

"IL TROVATORE."

Come then with me, love, back to our

moun-tains, Nev-er to leave a-gain our peaceful

home; Ah, why did I wan-der far from my

loved home, Shall I e'er hear again songs that I love!

Come then with me, love, back to our moun-tains,

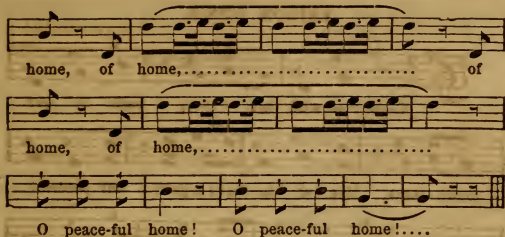
Nev-er to leave me, nev-er to roam; O

when shall hope breathe in-to my ear,

Sweet sounds of peace, the pleasures of home! O

when shall hope breathe in-to my ear,

Sweet sounds of peace, the pleasures of home! of

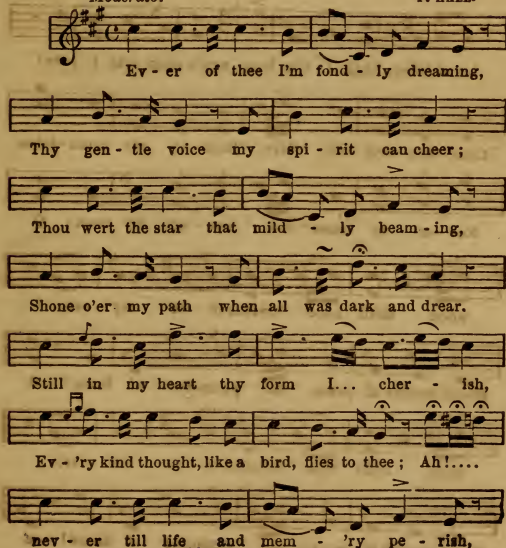


—<—>—

EVER OF THEE.

*Moderato.*

F. HALL.

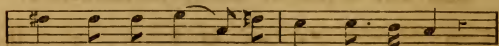




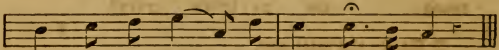
Can I for - get how dear thou art to me ;



Morn, noon and night, where-e'er I may be,....



Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee,



Fond - ly I'm dream - ing ev - er of thee.

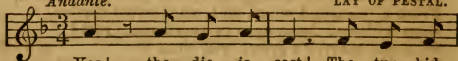
2 Ever of thee when sad and lonely,  
 Wandering afar my soul joy'd to dwell;  
 Ah! then I felt I lov'd thee only,  
 All seem'd to fade before affection's spell,  
 Years have not chill'd the love I cherish,  
 True as the stars, hath my heart been to thee ;  
 Ah! never till life and memory perish,  
 Can I forget, etc.



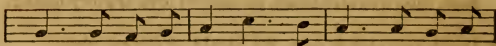
### YES! THE DIE IS CAST.

*Andante.*

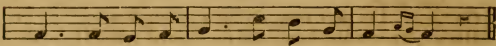
LAY OF PESTAL.



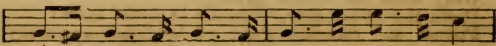
Yes! the die is cast! The tur - bid



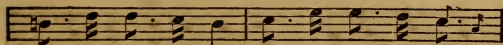
dream of life is wan - ing, The gulf will soon be



past, The soul im - mor - tal joy at - tain - ing.



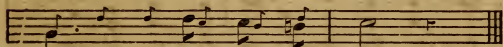
Thus then I all my na - tive land to save,



Shall I live a slave? No! the free and brave



Shall scorn to yield, My coun-try's flag shall wave a -



- round the pa - triot's grave!

- 2 Hark! the fatal bell,  
 Each passing hour the dungeon waking,  
 Chimes a sad farewell,  
 In solemn tones the silence breaking.  
 Fell usurper, know thy savage tyranny,  
 Soon will set me free; thwarted shalt thou be  
 For I shall rise above thee in eternity,  
 Immortal life thou givest me.



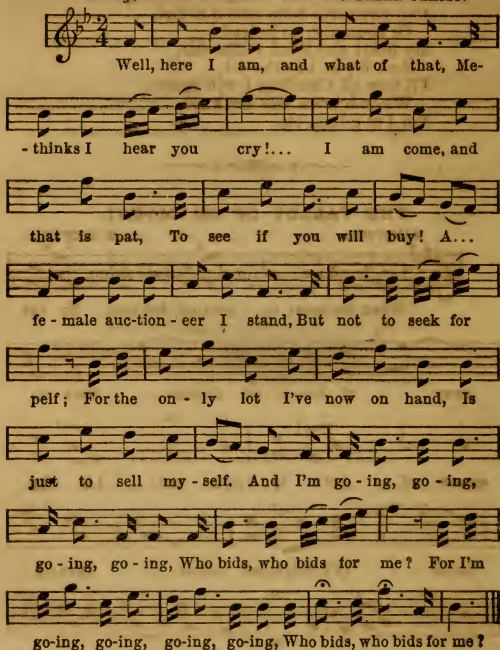
### REST TROUBLED HEART.

- 1 Rest troubled heart, within this captive bosom swelling,  
 Rest, thou troubled heart, no more of love or glory telling;  
 Now no more by wrongs or tyrant pow'r oppress'd,  
 From a thousand woes, ah! what sweet repose,  
 Soon will seal these eyes in everlasting rest!  
 Soon the martyr's grave will close! [swelling,  
 Rest thou troubled heart, within this captive bosom  
 Rest, thou troubled heart, no more of love or glory telling.
- 2 Death approaches near, the herald of eternal glory;  
 Friends and comrades dear, ye long shall mourn my hap-  
 less story,  
 Oh 'tis hard to part from all life's loving ties,  
 Hark! the midnight bell, 'tis the soldier's knell!  
 Soon to-morrow's sun, the last for me shall rise,  
 Glory, home and friends, farewell!  
 Death approaches near, the herald of eternal glory!  
 Friends and comrades dear, ye long shall mourn my  
 hapless story.

## THE FEMALE AUCTIONEER.

*Lively,*

ORPHEAN FAMILY.



Well, here I am, and what of that, Me-  
- thinks I hear you cry!... I am come, and  
that is pat, To see if you will buy! A...  
fe - male auc - tion - eer I stand, But not to seek for  
pelf; For the on - ly lot I've now on hand, Is  
just to sell my - self. And I'm go - ing, go - ing,  
go - ing, go - ing, Who bids, who bids for me? For I'm  
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, Who bids, who bids for me?

2 Though some may deem me pert or so,  
They deal in idle strife,  
For where's the girl I'd like to know,  
Would not become a wife;  
Indeed, I really think I should,  
In spite of all alarms,  
So bachelors pray be so good  
As just to take me to your arms,  
For I'm going, etc.



3 Ye bachelors my way tow'rds you,  
Should not your thoughts mislead,  
I've never yet been called a flirt,  
Or coquette, no indeed!  
My heart and hand I offer fair,  
And if you buy the lot,  
I'll vow all Caudling I will spare,  
When hymen ties the knot  
For I'm going, etc.



## THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

*Allegretto.*

S. GLOVER.

When the heart in gold-en fan-cies, To the  
sway..... of hap-pi-est dreams,... Back to  
scenes of beau-ty glan ces, Lit by  
mem' - - - ry's bright-est beams,... Then I  
see that vale of fountains, Where the Alp-flow'rs woo the  
gale. Un - der all..... the snow-crown'd  
moun - tains, Shin - ing o'er..... that beauteous



vale. Oh!..... Cha mou - ni, sweet

Cha-mou-ni, Oh! the vale..... of Cha-mou -

- ni!..... Oh! Cha - mou - ni, sweet

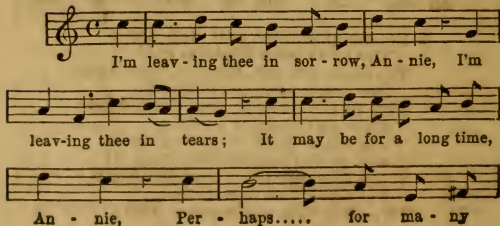
Cha-mou-ni, Oh! Cha-mou-ni's..... sweet vale...

- 2 When I hear the Alp-horn ringing,  
 When Mont Blanc foretells the day,  
 And the breeze of morning bringing  
 Mountain chime and mountain lay;  
 Then once more with rapture glowing,  
 All that mountain land I hail,  
 But my heart with joy o'erflowing,  
 Lingers in that beauteous vale.  
 Oh! Chamouni.

I'M LEAVING THEE.

*Andante.*

G. BARKER.

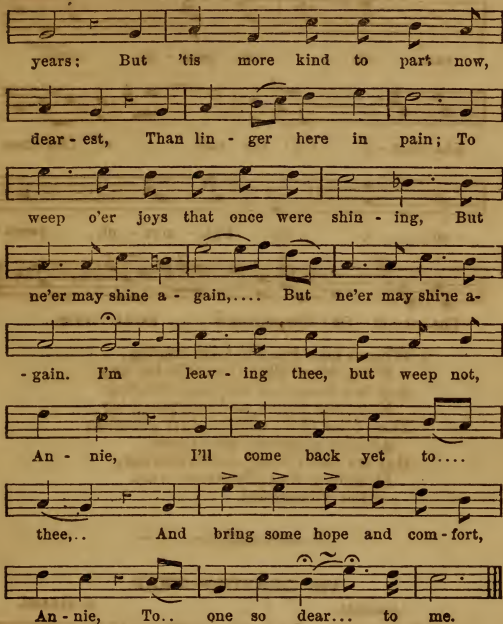


I'm leav - ing thee in sor - row, An - nie, I'm

leav - ing thee in tears; It may be for a long time,

An - nie, Per - haps..... for ma - ny

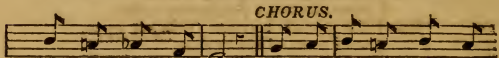
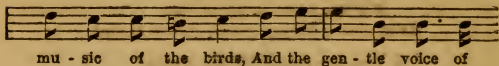
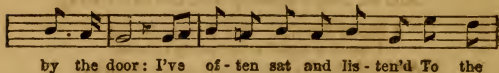
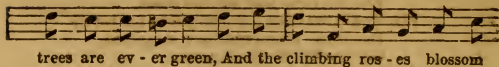
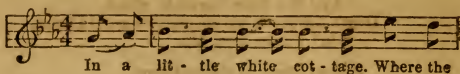




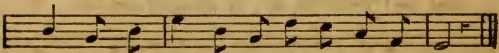
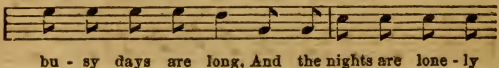
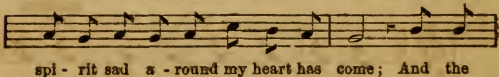
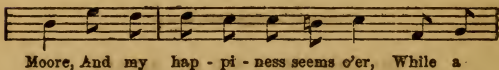
years; But 'tis more kind to part now,  
 dear - est, Than lin - ger here in pain; To  
 weep o'er joys that once were shin - ing, But  
 ne'er may shine a - gain,... But ne'er may shine a -  
 - gain. I'm leav - ing thee, but weep not,  
 An - nie, I'll come back yet to....  
 thee,.. And bring some hope and com - fort,  
 An - nie, To.. one so dear... to me.

2 I'm thinking of the past, dear Annie,  
 Thy locks were bright as gold,  
 Thy smile was soft, but now, dear Annie,  
 Our hearts seem growing old;  
 Yet, 'tis not time has stole the blossoms  
 From off thy cheek so fair:  
 'Twas winter came too soon upon us,  
 And chilled the flow'rets there, ¶  
 I'm leaving thee, but weep not Annie,  
 For when I've past the sea,  
 I'll gather hope and comfort Annie,  
 And bring them back to thee.

## GENTLE NETTIE MOORE.



charming Net - tie Moore. O! I miss you, Net - tie



2 Below us in the valley,  
On the river's dancing tide,  
Of a summer eve I'd launch my open boat;  
And when the moon was rising,

And the stars began to shine,  
Down the river we so merrily would float.  
Oh! I miss you, etc.

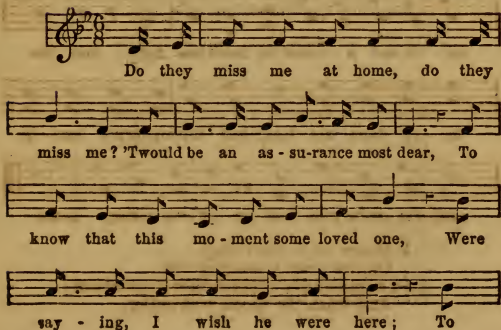
3 And often in the autumn,  
Ere the dew had left the lawn,  
We would wander o'er the fields far away  
But those moments have departed,  
Gentle Nettie too, is gone,  
And no longer sweetly with her can I stray

4 Since the time that you departed  
I have longed from earth to rise,  
And join the happy angels gone before;  
I cannot now be merry,  
For my heart is full of woe,  
Ever pining for my gentle Nettie Moore.

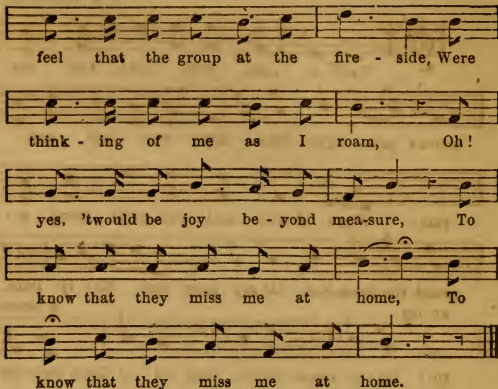
5 You are gone, darling Nettie,  
I have mourned you many a day,  
But I'll wipe all the tears from my eyes,  
For as soon as life is past,  
I shall meet you once again,  
In heaven, darling, up above the skies.

## DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

GRANNIS.



Do they miss me at home, do they  
miss me? 'Twould be an as - su - rance most dear, To  
know that this mo - ment some loved one, Were  
say - ing, I wish he were here; To



feel that the group at the fire - side, Were  
 think - ing of me as I roam, Oh!  
 yes, 'twould be joy be - yond mea - sure, To  
 know that they miss me at home, To  
 know that they miss me at home.

- 2 When twilight approaches the season,  
 That ever is sacred to song,  
 Does some one repeat my name over,  
 And sigh that I tarry so long?  
 And is there a chord in the music,  
 That's miss'd when my voice is away,  
 And a chord in each heart that awaketh  
 |‡ Regret at my wearisome stay. ‡|
- 3 Do they set me a chair near the table,  
 When evening's home pleasures are nigh,  
 When candles are lit in the parlor,  
 And the stars in the calm azure sky?  
 And when the good nights are repeated,  
 And all lay them down to their sleep.  
 Do they think of the absent, and waft me  
 |‡ A whispered "good night," while they weep? ‡|
- 4 Do they miss me at home, do they miss me,  
 At morning, at noon, or at night?  
 And lingers one gloomy shade round them,  
 That only my presence can light?  
 Are joys less invitingly welcome.  
 And pleasures less hale than before,  
 Because one is missed from the circle,  
 |‡ Because I am with them no more. ‡|

## LILLY DALE.

H. S. THOMPSON.

'Twas a calm still night, And the  
moon's pale light, Shone soft o'er hill and  
vale; When friends mute with grief, Stood a -  
round the death-bed Of my poor lost Li - ly Dale.  
AD LIB. A TEMPO.  
Oh! Lil - ly sweet Lil - ly, dear Lil - ly Dale, Now the  
wild rose blossoms o'er her lit - tle green grave, 'Neath the  
trees in the flow - 'ry vale.

2

Her cheeks that once glowed, with the rose tint of health,  
By the hand of disease had turned pale,  
And the death damp was on the pure white brow,  
Of my poor lost Lilly Dale. etc.

3

I go, she said, to the land of rest,  
And e're my strength shall fail,  
I must tell you where, near my own loved home,  
You must lay poor Lilly Dale. etc.

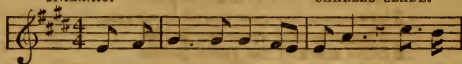
4

'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flowers grow,  
And the stream ripples forth through the vale,  
When the birds shall warble their songs in spring,  
There lay poor Lilly Dale. etc.

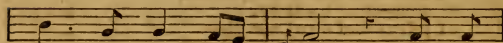
## THOU HAST LEARNED TO LOVE ANOTHER.

*Andante.*

CHARLES SLADE.



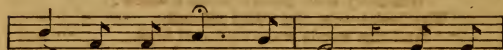
Thou hast learned to love an - other,    Thou hast



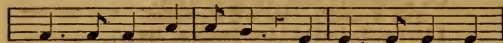
bro - ken    ev' - ry    vow;    We have



part - ed    from    each    oth - er,    And my



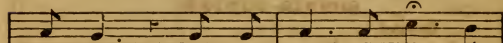
heart    is    lone - ly    now;    I have



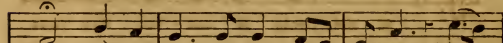
taught my looks to shun thee, When cold - ly we have



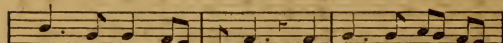
met,    For    an - oth - er's    smile    hath



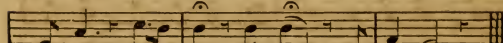
won thee,    And thy voice I must for -



- get.    Oh!    is    it well to sev - er    This



heart from thine for ev - er?    Can I for - get thee



nev - er!    Fare - well!    fare - well!    for ev - er!



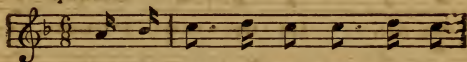
2 We have met in scenes of pleasure,  
 We have met in halls of pride,  
 I have seen thy new found treasure,  
 I have gazed upon thy bride,  
 I have marked the timid lustre  
 Of thy downcast, happy eye,  
 I have seen thee gaze upon her,  
 Forgetting I was by,  
 I grieve that e'er I met thee,  
 Fain, fain would I forget thee,  
 'Twere folly to regret thee,  
 Farewell, farewell forever!

3 We have met and we have parted,  
 But I uttered scarce a word,  
 Like a guilty thing I started,  
 When thy well known voice I heard;  
 Thy looks were stern and altered,  
 And thy words were cold and high,  
 How my traitor courage faltered,  
 When I dared to meet thine eye,  
 Oh! woman's love will grieve her,  
 And woman's pride will leave her,  
 Life has fled when love deceives her,  
 Farewell, farewell forever!

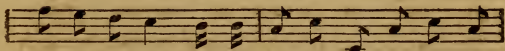
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### BONNIE DUNDEE.

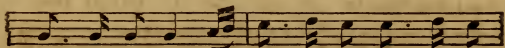
*Spirited.*



To the Lords of con - ven - tion 'twas



Claver-house spoke. Ere the King's crown go down, there are



crowns to be broke, So each ca - va - lier who loves

hon - or and me, Let him fol - low the bon - net of  
 Bon - nie Dun - dee. Come, fill up my cup, come,  
 fill up my can, Come, sad - dle my hor - ses, and  
 call up my men, Come, o - pen the West Port, and  
 let me gae free, And its room for the  
 Bon - nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee.

## 2

There are hills beyond Pentland and streams beyond Forth,  
 If there's Lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the  
 North,

There are wild dunnie wassals three thousand times three,  
 Will cry hey for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up, etc.

## 3

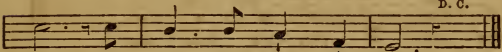
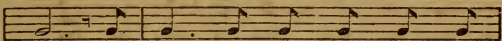
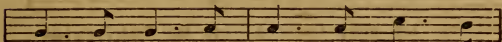
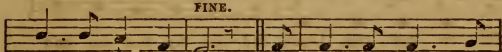
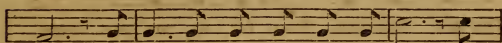
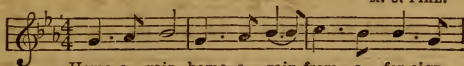
Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,  
 The bells are rung backward the drums they are beat,  
 But the Provost, douce man, said just e'en let him be,  
 The town is well quit of that de'il of Dundee.

## 4

Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,  
 Ere I own a usurper, I'll crouch with the fox;  
 And tremble, false whigs, tho' triumphant ye be,  
 You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.

## HOME AGAIN.

M. S. PIKE.



- 2 Happy hearts, happy hearts,  
 With mine have laughed in glee,  
 But oh! the friends I loved in youth,  
 Seem happier to me,  
 And if my guide should be the fate,  
 Which bids me longer roam,  
 But death alone can break the tie,  
 That binds my heart to home.

- 3 Music sweet, music soft,  
 Lingers round the place,  
 And oh! I feel the childhood charm,  
 That time cannot efface;  
 Then give me but my homestead roof  
 I'll ask no palace dome,  
 For I can live a happy life,  
 With those I love at home.

## ANNIE LISLE.

*Moderato.*

H. S. THOMPSON.

Down where the wav - ing wil - lows  
 'Neath the sun - beams smile ; Shadowed o'er the  
 murm'ring wa-ters, Dwelt sweet An-nie Lisle ; Pure as the  
 fo - rest li - ly, Nev - er thought of guile  
 Had its home with-in the bo - som of loved An - nie Lisle.

*CHORUS.*

Wave wil-lows, murmur wa-ters, Gold - en sun-beams smile ;  
 Earth-ly mu - sic can - not wak - en Love-ly An - nie Lisle

2 Sweet came the hallowed chiming

Of the Sabbath bell,  
 Borne on the morning breezes,  
 Down the woody dell.  
 On a bed of pain and anguish,  
 Lay dear Annie Lisle ;  
 Changed were the lovely features,  
 Gone the happy smile.

*Chorus.* Wave willows, murmur waters, etc.

3 Toll bells of Sabbath morning,

I shall never more  
 Hear your sweet and holy music,  
 On this earthly shore.

Forms clad in heav'nly beauty,

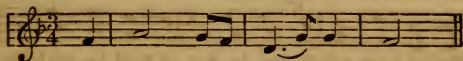
Look on me and smile ;  
Waiting for the longing spirit,  
Of your Annie Lisle.

*Chorus.* Wave willows, etc.

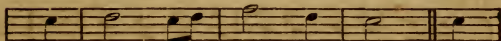
4 Raise me in your arms, dear mother,  
Let me once more look  
On the green and waving willows,  
And the flowing brook ;  
Hark ! those strains of angel music  
From the choirs above :  
Dearest mother, I am going,  
Truly, " God is love."

*Chorus.* Wave, willows, etc.

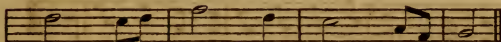
GOLDEN HILL.



Chil - dren of light, a - wake,



At Je - sus' call a - rise, Forth



with your lead - er to par - take,



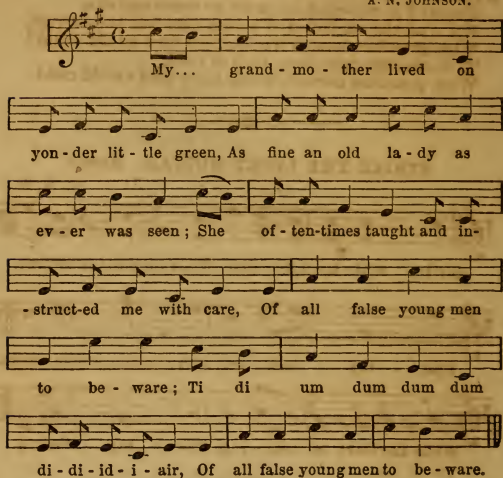
His toils, his vic - to - ries.

2 Ye must not idly stand,  
His sacred voice who hear ;  
Arm for the strife the feeble hand,  
The holy standard rear.

3 Awake, ye sons of light,  
Strive till the prize be won,  
Far spent already is the night,  
The day comes brightening on.

## GRANDMOTHER'S LESSON.

A. N. JOHNSON.



My... grand - mo - ther lived on  
 yon - der lit - tle green, As fine an old la - dy as  
 ev - er was seen ; She of - ten-times taught and in -  
 - struct-ed me with care, Of all false young men  
 to be - ware ; Ti di um dum dum dum  
 di - di - id - i - air, Of all false young men to be - ware.

2 And now my dear daughter, pray, don't you believe,  
 For they will fib, and cunningly deceive,  
 They will cruelly deceive you before you are aware,  
 Then away goes poor old grandma's care.  
 Ti di um dum dum dum di di id i air,  
 Then away goes poor old grandma's care.

3 The first who came courting was honest young Green,  
 As fine a young gentleman as ever was seen,  
 But the words of grandma so rang in my head,  
 I could not attend to one word that he said.  
 Ti di um dum dum dum di di id i ad,  
 I could not attend to one word that he said.

4 The next who came courting was young farmer Grove,  
 With him I engaged in bonds of joyful love,  
 Such sweet and truthful love you need never be afraid  
 For 'tis better to be married than to die an old maid,  
 Ti di um dum dum dum di di id i aid,  
 For 'tis better to be married than to die an old maid

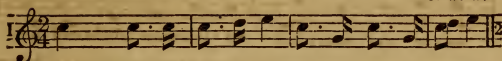


- 5 O dear, what a fuss these old ladies make,  
 Thinks I to myself there must be some mistake,  
 For if all the old ladies of young men had been afraid,  
 Why, grandma herself would have died an old maid!  
 Ti di um dum dum dum, di di id i aid,  
 Why, grandma herself, would have died an old maid

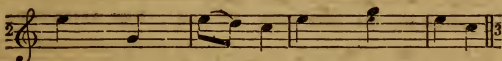


## STRIKE THE LIGHT GUITAR. Round.

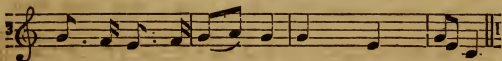
C. W. W.



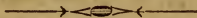
Strike, strike the light guitar, While the heart is beating,



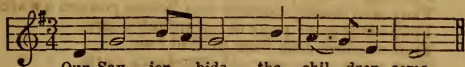
Beat - ing, beat - ing, strike, strike, strike, strike.



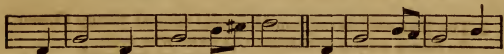
While the heart is beat - ing, beat - ing. beating.



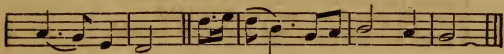
## DEVOTION.



Our Sav - ior bids the chil - dren come,



He bids us come to Him; And, as in oth - er



days he spreads His arms to take us in

- 2 Forever blessed be his name,  
 No earthly love like his!  
 O may it draw our hearts to him,  
 And to the world of bliss.

## THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

*Allegretto.*

KUOKEN.

See! these rib - bons gai - ly stream -

-ing, I'm a sol - dier now, Li - zette, I'm a

sol - dier now, Li - zette; Yes, of bat - tle

I am dream - ing, And the hon - or

I... shall get,... With a sa - bre by my

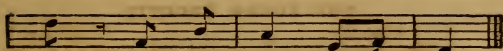
side, And a hel - met on my brow, And a

proud steed to ride, I shall rush on the

foe. Yes, I flat - ter me, Li - zette, 'Tis a

life that well will suit, The gay life of a

young Re - cruit, . . . . . The gay



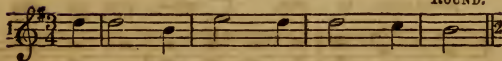
life of a young Re - - cruit.

- 2 We will march away to-morrow,  
 || At the breaking of the day, ||  
 And the trumpets will be sounding,  
 And the merry eymbals play,  
 Yet, before I say good bye,  
 And a last sad parting take,  
 As a proof of your love,  
 Wear this gift for my sake;  
 Then, cheer up, my own Lizette,  
 Let not grief your beauty stain,  
 || Soon you'll see the recruit again, ||
- 3 Shame! Lizette, to be weeping,  
 || While there's fame in store for me, ||  
 Think when home I am returning,  
 What a joyful day 'twill be,  
 When to church you're fondly led,  
 Like some lady smartly drest,  
 And a hero you shall wed,  
 With a medal on his breast,  
 Ha! there's not a maiden fair,  
 But with welcome will salute,  
 || The gay bride of the young recruit. ||



### WORK! WORK!

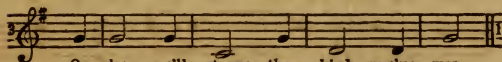
ROUND.



Drive on, drive on, you la - zy drone;



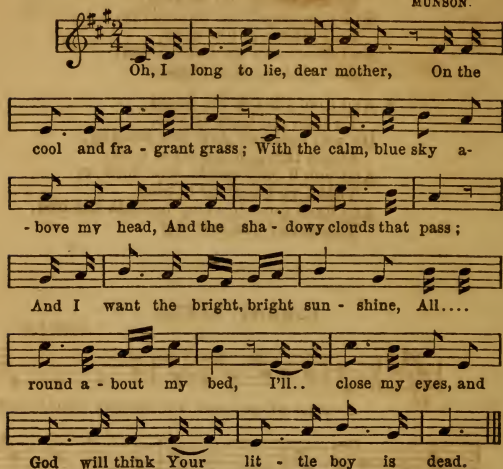
To earn your bread this must be done,



Or else you'll starve the bird you've won.

## THE CHILD'S WISH.

MUNSON.



Oh, I long to lie, dear mother, On the  
cool and fra - grant grass ; With the calm, blue sky a -  
bove my head, And the sha - dowy clouds that pass ;  
And I want the bright, bright sun - shine, All....  
round a - bout my bed, I'll.. close my eyes, and  
God will think Your lit - tle boy is dead.

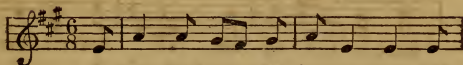
- 2 Then Christ will send an angel,  
To take me up to Him ;  
He will bear me slow and steadily,  
Far through the ether dim,  
He will gently, gently lay me,  
Close by the Savior's side ;  
And when I'm sure that I'm in heaven,  
My eyes I'll open wide.
- 3 And I'll look among the angels,  
Who stand around the throne,  
Till I find my sister Mary,  
For I know she must be one ;  
And when I find her, mother,  
We will go away alone,  
I will tell her how we've mourn'd for her,  
All the while that she's been gone,
- 4 O! I shall be delighted  
To hear her speak again,

Tho' I know she'll not return to us,  
 To ask her would be vain;  
 So I'll put my arms around her,  
 And look into her eyes,  
 And remember all I say to her,  
 And all her sweet replies.

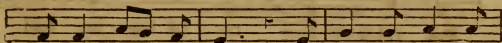
5 And then I'll ask the angel  
 To take me back to you,  
 He will bear me slow and steadily,  
 Down through the ether blue;  
 And you'll only think, dear mother,  
 That I've been out to play,  
 And have gone to sleep beneath the tree,  
 This sultry summer day.

## JOHNNY SANDS.

J. SINCLAIR.



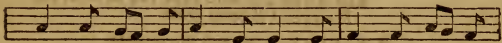
A man, whose name was Johnny Sands, Had



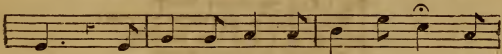
mar-ried Bet - ty Hague, And though she brought him



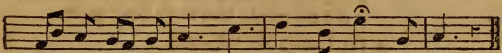
gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri - ble plague. For



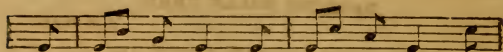
oh! she was a scold-ing wife. Full of ca - price and



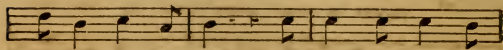
whim. He said, that he was tired of life, And



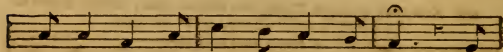
she was tired of him, And she was tired of him.



Says he, "then I will drown my - self, The



riv - er runs be - low," Says she, "pray, do you



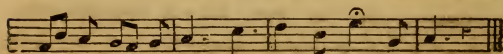
vil - ly elf; I wished it long a - go." Says



he, "up - on the brink I'll stand, Do you run down the



hill, And push me in with all your might." Says



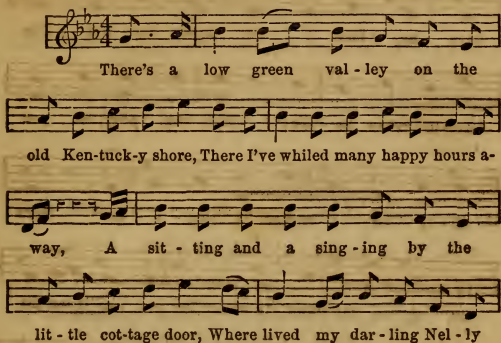
she, "my love, I will." Says she, "my love, I will."

- 2 "For fear that I should courage lack,  
 And try to save my life,  
 Pray tie my hands behind my back,"  
 "I will," replied his wife,  
 She tied them fast, as you may think,  
 And when securely done,  
 "Now stand," says she, "upon the brink,  
 And I'll prepare to run," ¶  
 All down the hill, his loving bride,  
 Now ran with all her force,  
 To push him in—he stepped aside,  
 And she fell in, of course;  
 Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,  
 "Oh save me Johnny Sands!"  
 "I can't my dear, tho' much I wish,  
 ¶ For you have tied my hands." ¶



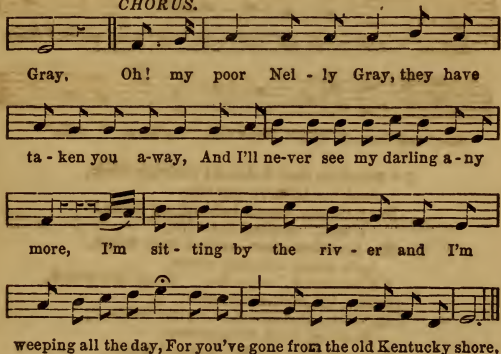
## DARLING NELLY GRAY.

B. R. HANBY.



There's a low green val-ley on the  
old Ken-tuck-y shore, There I've whiled many happy hours a-  
way, A sit-ting and a sing-ing by the  
lit-tle cot-tage door, Where lived my dar-ling Nel-ly

## CHORUS.



Gray, Oh! my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have  
ta-ken you a-way, And I'll ne-ver see my darling a-ny  
more, I'm sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm  
weeping all the day, For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

2

When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars  
were shining too.

Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,

And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,  
While my banjo sweetly I would play. *Chorus.*

3

One night I went to see her, but "she's gone," the neighbors say,  
The white man bound her with his chains,  
They have taken her to Georgia, for to wear her life away,  
As she toils in the cotton and the cane. *Chorus.*

4

My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,  
I'm tired of living any more;  
My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung;  
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore. *Chorus.*

5 My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way,  
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;  
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray.  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

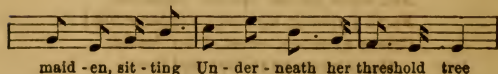
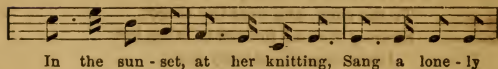
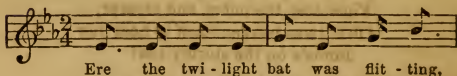
*Chorus to the last verse.*

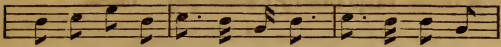
Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,  
That they'll never take you from me any more,  
I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way;  
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.



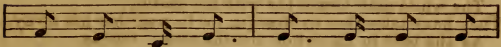
### JAMIE'S ON THE STORMY SEA.

B. COVERT.

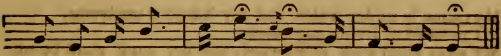




And, ere day-light died be - fore us, And the ves - per



stars shone o'er us, Fit - ful rose her



ten - der cho - rus, Ja - mie's on the stor - my sea.

2 Warmly shone the sunset glowing,  
Sweetly breath'd the young flow'rs blowing,  
Earth, with beauty overflowing,  
Seemed the home of love to be,  
As those angel tones ascending,  
With the scene and season blending,  
Ever had the same low ending,  
Jamie's on the stormy sea.

3 Curfew bells remotely ringing,  
Mingled with that sweet voice singing,  
And the last red ray seemed clinging,  
Lingeringly to tower and tree;  
Nearer as I came, and nearer,  
Finer rose the notes, and clearer,  
Oh! 'twas heaven itself to hear her  
Jamie's on the stormy sea!

4 How could I but list, but linger,  
To the song, and near the singer,  
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her  
Jamie from the stormy sea;  
And while yet her lips did name me,  
Forth I sprang, my heart o'ercame me!  
Grieve no more, sweet, I am Jamie,  
Home returned to love and thee.

## WE MET BY CHANCE.

*F. Kucken.*

When eve - ning brings the twi - light hour, I  
 pass a lone - ly spot, Where oft she comes to  
 cull the flow'r We call "For - get me not." She  
 nev - er whis - pers go, nor stay, She  
 nev - er whis - pers, go, nor stay; We  
 met by chance,—the u - sual way, We  
 met by chance the u - sual way,— We  
 met by chance, we met by chance. We  
 met by chance the u - sual way.

2 Once, how, I cannot well divine  
 Unless by chance we kiss'd,

I found her lips were close to mine,  
 So I could not resist ;  
 || As neither whisper'd yea nor nay, ||  
 || They met by chance, the usual way, ||  
 3 The roses, when the zephyrs woo,  
 Impart what they receive.  
 They sigh and sip the balmy dew,  
 But never whisper give,  
 || Our love is mutual, this we know, ||  
 || Though neither tells the other so. ||

<—>  
 THE DEAREST SPOT.

WRIGHTON.

The dear - est spot of earth to me, Is  
 home, sweet home; The fai - ry land I've  
 FINE.  
 long'd to see, Is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the  
 sense of hear - ing, There where hearts are  
 so en - dear - ing, All the world is  
 D. C.  
 not so cheer - ing, As home, sweet home.

2 I've taught my heart the way to prize  
 My home, sweet home,  
 I've learn'd to look with lover's eyes,  
 On home, sweet home,  
 There, where vows are truly plighted,  
 There, where hearts are so united,  
 All the world beside I've slighted,  
 For home, sweet home

## WHERE ARE THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH

*Words by Lieut. Col. Addist.**Music by George Barker.*

Where are the friends of my youth, Say

where are those cher-ish'd ones gone; And

why have they dropp'd with the leaf, Ah,

why have they left me to mourn; Their

voi - ces still sound in mine ear, Their

fea - tures I see in my dreams; And the

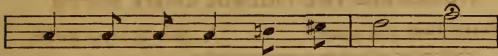
World is a wil - derness drear As a wide spreading

de - sert it seems. Ah.....

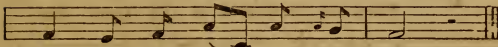
where are the friends of my youth, Ah,

where are the cher-ish'd ones gone And





why have they dropp'd as the leaf, Ah!



why have they left.. me to mourn.

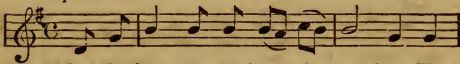
2 Say, can I ever again,  
Such ties can I ever renew,  
Or feel those warm pulses again,  
Which beat for the dear ones I knew.  
The world as a winter is cold,  
Each charm seems to vanish away;  
My heart is now blighted and old,  
It shares in all nature's decay.  
Ah where, etc.



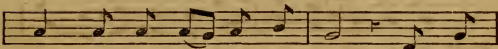
### THE LONE STARRY HOURS.

*Espressivo.*

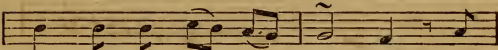
ORDWAY.



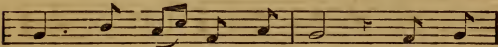
Oh! the lone star-ry hours give me, love, When



still is the beau-ti-ful night; When the



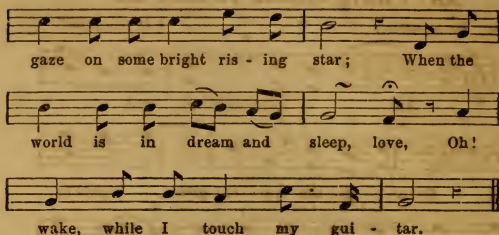
round, laugh-ing moon I... see, love, Peep



thro' the clouds sil-ver white. When no



winds thro' the low woods, sweep, love, And I



gaze on some bright ris - ing star; When the  
world is in dream and sleep, love, Oh!  
wake, while I touch my gui - tar.

*CHORUS.*


When no winds thro' the low woods sweep, love, And I  
gaze on some bright ris - ing star; When the  
world is in dream and sleep, love, Oh!  
wake, while I touch my gui - tar.

2 Till the red rosy morn grows bright, love,

Far away o'er the distant sea,

Till the stars cease their gentle light, love

Will I wait for a welcome from thee.

And oh! if that pleasure is mine love,

We will wander together afar,

My heart shall be thine, thine, my love,

Then wake, while I touch my guitar,

*Chorus.* And oh! if that pleasure, etc.

## AH! I HAVE SIGHED TO REST ME.

*(An! che la morte.)**"Il Trovatore."*

Ah!..... I have sigh'd to rest.....

me, Deep... in the qui-et grave,.. Sigh'd to

rest me;— But all in vain I crave; O

fare.... thee well, my Le - o - no - ra fare thee

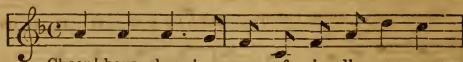
well!... Ah! I have sigh'd for rest,

Yet all in vain do I crave, O fare... thee

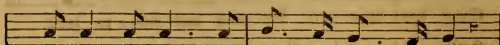
well, my Le - o - no - ra, fare thee well!

2 Out of the love I bear thee,  
 Yield I my life for thee,  
 Wilt thou not think, wilt thou not think of me?  
 O think of me, my Leonora, fare thee well!  
 Out of the love I bear thee,  
 Yield I my life for thee,  
 Ah! think of me, ah! think of me,  
 My Leonora, fare thee well!  
 Tho' I no more behold thee,  
 Yet is thy name a spell,  
 Yet is thy name, yet is thy name a spell,  
 Cheering my last lone hour, Leonora, farewell.

## CHEER! BOYS, CHEER!

*Words by Charles Mackay.**Music by Henry Russell.*

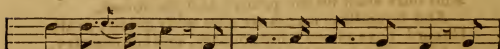
Cheer! boys, cheer! no more of i - dle sor - row,



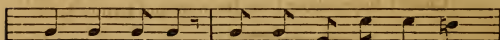
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way,



Hope points be - fore, and shows the bright to - mor - row,



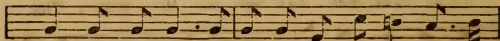
Let us for - get the dark - ness of to - day; So



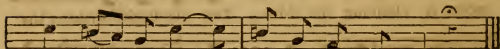
fare - well England, much as we may love thee,



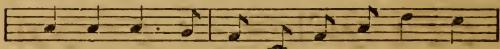
We'll dry the tears that we have shed be - fore.



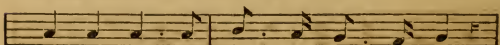
Why should we weep to sail in search of for - tune? So



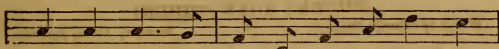
fare - well, England, Fare - well for - ev - er - more!

*Chorus.*

Cheer! boys, cheer! for coun - try, moth - er coun - try,



Cheer! boys, cheer! the wil - ling strong right hand.



Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for hon - est la - bor.



Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and hap - py land.

2 Cheer! boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,

To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast,

The world shall follow in the tracks we're going,

The star of Empire glitters in the west.

Here we had toil and little to reward it.

But there shall plenty shine upon our pain,

And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,

And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.

Cheer! boys cheer! for country, mother country,

Cheer! boys, cheer! united heart and hand,

Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labor,

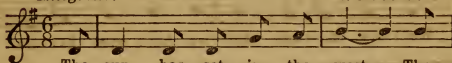
Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.



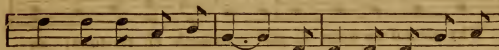
### GENTLE HALLIE.

*Allegretto.*

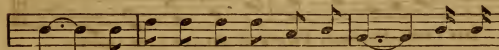
T. ST. JOHN.



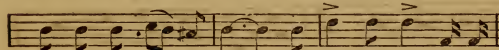
The sun has set in the west,.. The



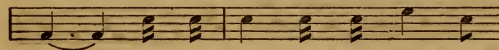
moon is climbing the hill,.. The old clock's striking the



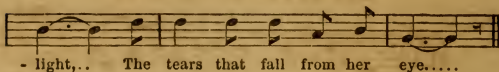
hour We promised to meet by the mill;.. I must



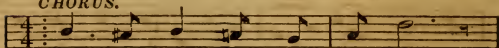
bid her a long fare - well, And oh! 'twill be with a



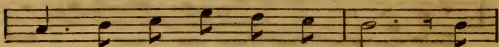
sigh,.. As I watch by the pale moon-



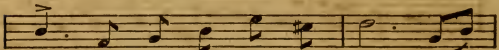
## CHORUS.



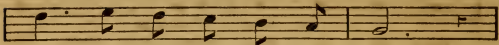
Weep no more, gen - tle Hal - lie.



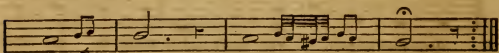
Let no tear - drop fall for me; The



stars will twin - kle one by one, And



guide my bark safe o'er the sea.



Deep.. sea! Deep..... sea!

2 There's a charm in everything near,  
The sky, the earth, and the sea,  
But my thoughts turn away from those,  
And lovingly go to thee,  
The love that I cherish for them,  
Is deep as such love can be;  
But deep as it is, is weak and faint,  
Compared with my love for thee.

3 When the slumbering sea lies still,  
Unstir'd by the breezes breath,  
And its stillness almost seems,  
The pulseless calm of death;  
When I am far, far away,  
Where e'er my bark may be,  
As the soft balmy air glides along,  
May it bring some tidings of thee.



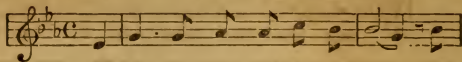
## THE HEART BOW'D DOWN.

*Balse.*

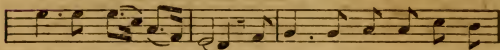
The heart, bow'd down by weight of woe, To  
 weak-est hopes will cling; To thought and im-pulse  
 while they flow, That can no com - - - fort  
 bring: That can, that can no com - - - fort bring—With  
 those ex - ci - ting scenes will blend, O'er  
 plea-sure's path - way thrown, But mem'-ry is the  
 on - ly friend, That grief can call its own;—That  
 grief can call its own,.. That grief can call its own.

- 2 The mind, will, in its worst despair,  
 Still ponder o'er the past;  
 On moments of delight, that were  
 Too beautiful to last,  
 That were too beautiful, too beautiful to last.  
 To long departed years extend,  
 Its visions with them, flown.  
 For memory, etc.

## I'D OFFER THEE THIS HAND OF MINE.

*Music by L. T. Chadwick.*

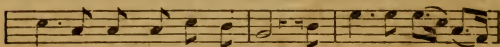
I'd of - fer thee this hand of mine. If



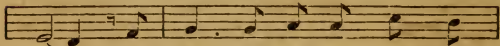
I could love thee less, But hearts as warm and pure as



thine Should nev - er know dis - tress. My



fortune is too hard for thee, 'Twould chill thy dearest



joy, I'd rath - er weep to see thee



free, Than win thee to de - stroy.

- 2 I leave thee in thy happiness,  
 As one too dear to love,  
 As one I think of but to bless,  
 As wretchedly I rove;  
 But oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,  
 All bitter though it be,  
 How sweet 'twill be for me to think  
 It holds no drop for thee.
- 3 And now my dreams are sadly o'er,  
 Fate bids them all depart,  
 And I must leave my native shore  
 In brokenness of heart;  
 Then oh! dear one, when far from thee  
 I ne'er know joy again.  
 I would not that one thought of me  
 Should give thy bosom pain.

## I'LL PRAY FOR THEE.

*Moderato.*

DONIZETTI.

Say not this heart can al - ter,  
 Think not, tho' now we se - - - ver,  
 I can for - get thee ev - er, What-e'er our  
 dark' - ning fate may be; While l'fe's last  
 ac - - - cents fal - - ter, Yet will I  
 pray..... for thee. I'll pray for thee. I'll  
 pray for thee, I'll bless, and  
 pray, I'll..... pray for..... thee, I'll  
 pray for thee, I'll pray for thee, I'll  
 pray,..... I'll bless, and.... pray for thee.

2 Here tho' the hope forsake me,  
 Which that poor heart so treasur'd,

Soon will its hours be measur'd,  
 And pitying heaven my sorrows see,  
 Soon to its refuge take me.  
 And there I'll pray for thee, etc.

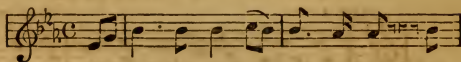
WIDOW MACHREE.

S. LOVER.

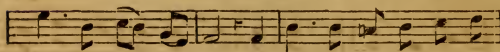
Wi-dow Machree, 'tis no won-der you frown,  
 Och hone! Wi - dow Ma - chree! Faith, it  
 ru - ins your looks that same dir - ty black gown,  
 Och hone! Wi - dow Ma - chree! How  
 al - ter'd your air, With that close cap you wear, 'Tis de -  
 stroying your hair, That should be flow-ing free. Be no  
 long - er a churl Of its black silk - en curl,  
 Och hone! Wi - dow Ma - chree,

- 2 Widow Machree, now the summer is come,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
See the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares,  
Why, even the bears now  
In couples agree,  
And the mute little fish,  
Tho' they can't spake, they wish,  
Och hone, widow Machree.
- 3 Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
Why, the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kettle sings songs  
Full of family glee;  
While alone with your cup,  
Like a hermit you sup,  
Och hone! widow Machree.
- 4 And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl'd,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
With such sins on your head,  
Sure your peace would be fled,  
Could you sleep in your bed,  
Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite,  
That would wake you each night,  
Crying, och hone! widow Machree,
- 5 Then take my advice, darling widow Machree,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,  
Och hone! widow Machree,  
You'd have me to desire,  
Ald to stir up the fire,  
And sure, hope is no liar,  
In whispering to me,  
That the ghosts would depart,  
When you'd be near my heart,  
Och hone! widow Machree.

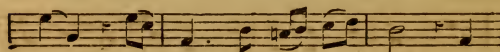
## ERIN IS MY HOME.



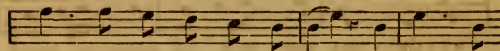
Oh, I have roam'd in ma - ny lands, And



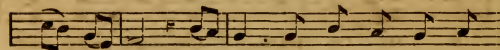
ma - ny friends I've met; Not one fair scene or kind-ly



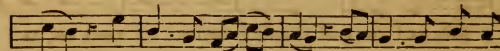
smile, Can this fond heart for - get; But



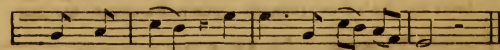
I'll con - fess that I'm con - tent, No more I



wish to roam; Oh, steer my bark to E - rin's



Isle, For E - rin is my home, Oh, steer my bark to



E - rin's Isle, For E - rin is my home.

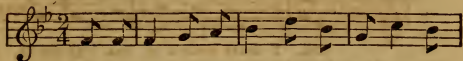
2 If England were my place birth,  
 I'd love her tranquil shore;  
 If bonny Scotland were my home,  
 Her mountains I'd adore:  
 Tho' pleasant days in both I pass,  
 I dream of days to come;  
 Oh, steer my bark to Erin's Isle,  
 For Erin is my home, etc.



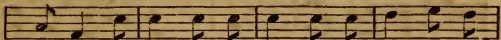
## THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

*Con Anima.*

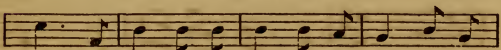
L. HEATH.



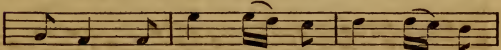
On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring



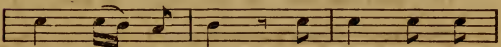
bil-low As-sail the stern rock, and the loud tempests



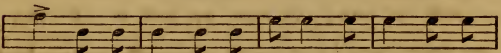
rave, The he-ro lies still, while the dew drooping



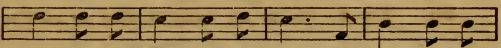
wil-low, Like fond weep-ing mourn-ers leaned



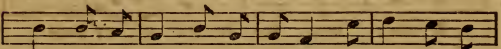
o-ver the grave, The light-nings may



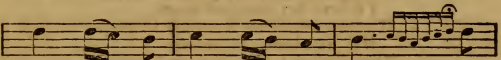
flash, and the loud thunders rat-tle, He heeds not, he



hears not, he's free from all pain; He sleeps his last



sleep, he has fought his last bat-tle, No sound can a-



-wake him to glo-ry a-gain..... No



sound can a-wake him to glo-ry a-gain.

## 2

Oh shade of the mighty, where now are the legions,  
 That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on ?  
 Alas ! they have perished in farhilly regions,  
 And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.  
 The trumpet may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,  
 They heed not, they hear not, they're freed from all pain  
 They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last  
 battle,  
 No sound can awake them to glory again,  
 No sound, etc.

## 3

Yet spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,  
 For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,  
 Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee  
 A name, which, before thee, no mortal had won.  
 Though nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,  
 No more on the steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain ;  
 Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou has fought thy last battle,  
 No sound can awake thee to glory again !  
 No sound, etc.

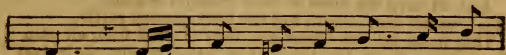
## KITTY TYRRELL.

GLOVER.

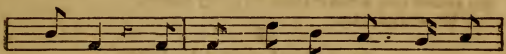
You're look - ing as fresh as the  
 morn, dar - ling, You're look - ing as bright as the  
 day ; But while on your charms I'm di -  
 - la - ting, You're steal - ing my poor heart a -  
 - way, But keep it and wel - come ; ma -



your-neen, Its loss I'm not go - ing to



mourn; Yet one heart's e - nough for a



bo - dy, So pray give me yours in re -



turn, Ma - vour-neen, ma-vour - neen, O!



pray give me yours in re - turn.

- 2 I've built me a neat little cot, darling,  
 I've pigs and potatoes in store;  
 I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,  
 And may be, a pound or two more.  
 It's all very well to have riches,  
 But I'm such a covetous elf,  
 I can't help still sighing for something,  
 And, darling, that something's yourself.  
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,  
 And that something you know, is yourself.
- 3 You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,  
 Say "yes," and you'll never repent,  
 Or, if you would rather be silent,  
 Your silence I'll take for consent.  
 That good natured dimple's a tell tale,  
 Now all that I have is your own,  
 This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,  
 Next week you'll be Mistress Malone,  
 Mavourneen, mavourneen,  
 You'll be my own Mistress Malone.

## THE SONG OF BLANCHE ALPEN.

Words by Jefferys.

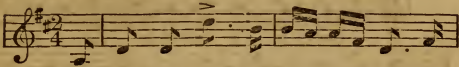
Music by Stephen Glover.

You speak of sun-ny skies to me— Of  
 or - ange grove and bower— Of winds that wake soft  
 me - lo - dy From leaf and bloom - ing flower; And  
 you may prize those far off skies, But tempt not me to  
 roam; In sweet con - tent my days are spent—Then  
 where - fore leave my home? In sweet con - tent my  
 days are spent, Then where - fore leave my home?

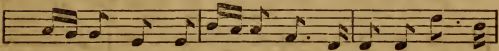
- 2 You tell me oft of rivers bright,  
 Where golden galleys float;  
 But have you seen our lakes by night,  
 Or sailed in Alpine boat?  
 You speak of lands where hearts and hands  
 Will greet me as I come,  
 But tho' I find true hearts and kind,  
 They're kinder still at home. etc.
- 3 Had you been rear'd by Alpine hills,  
 Or lov'd in Alpine dells,  
 You'd prize like me our mountain rills,  
 Nor fear the torrent swells:  
 It matters not how drear the spot,  
 How proud or poor the dome,  
 Love still retains some deathless chains  
 That binds the heart to home. etc.

## OUR OWN SWEET THOUGHTS.

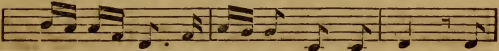
SWISS AIR.



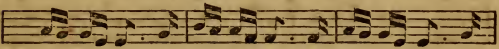
Our own sweet thoughts they come and go, Like



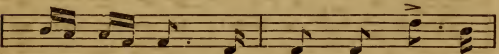
an - gel vis - its to the soul ; They round our hearts in



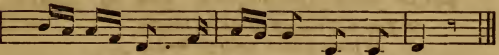
glad - ness flow. And all our acts con - trol ; They



mem'ries bring of ear - ly days, Of childhood's lov'd and



gen - tle hours, When life was young and

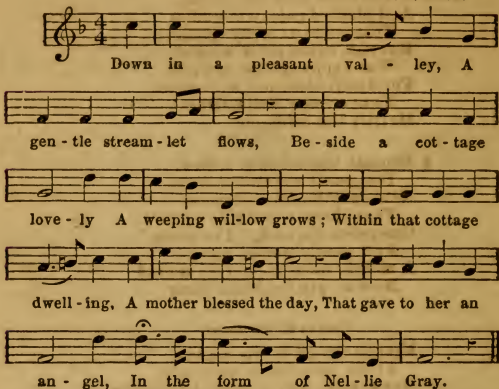


all our ways, Were strewn with buds and flow'rs.

- 2 Our own sweet thoughts we only share  
 With those we love and love to bless ;  
 We breathe them only when and where  
 They fall on tenderness ;  
 They are to us of far more worth  
 Than glitt'ring gems of purest ray ;  
 The dearest things of all on earth,  
 Our own sweet thoughts to-day.

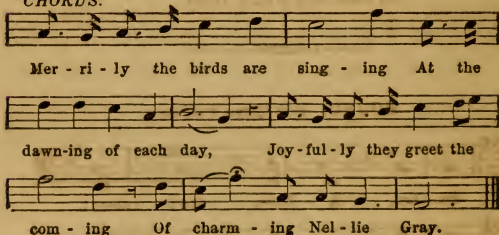
## NELLIE GRAY.

T. H. HOWE.



Down in a pleasant val - ley, A  
gen - tle stream - let flows, Be - side a cot - tage  
love - ly A weeping wil - low grows ; Within that cottage  
dwell - ing, A mother blessed the day, That gave to her an  
an - gel, In the form of Nel - lie Gray.

## CHORUS.



Mer - ri - ly the birds are sing - ing At the  
dawn - ing of each day, Joy - ful - ly they greet the  
com - ing Of charm - ing Nel - lie Gray.

2 She grew in form and beauty,  
Her counsel was the guide  
Of all who were in sorrow,  
And many tears she dried ;  
She scattered smiles of gladness.  
About her day by day.  
And many loved and cherished  
Our charming Nellie Gray.

*Chorus.* Merrily the birds, etc.



3 But sickness came and gathered  
 The roses from her cheek,  
 And planted pale, white lilies  
 That made us softly speak;  
 But she, as she grew weaker,  
 Was happy, blithe and gay,  
 For death came not with terror,  
 To charming Nellie Gray.  
 Merrily the birds, etc.

4 Beneath the bonding willow,  
 The gentle streamlets wave,  
 Now daily moistens flowers,  
 That bloom o'er Nellie's grave;  
 One morn she said, "I'm going,"  
 And gently passed away,  
 A mother mourns, and all around  
 Now mourn for Nellie Gray.

*Chorus to last verse.*

Merrily the birds are singing,  
 At the dawning of each day,  
 Never more they'll greet the coming  
 Of charming Nellie Gray.



ROUND. For three voices.

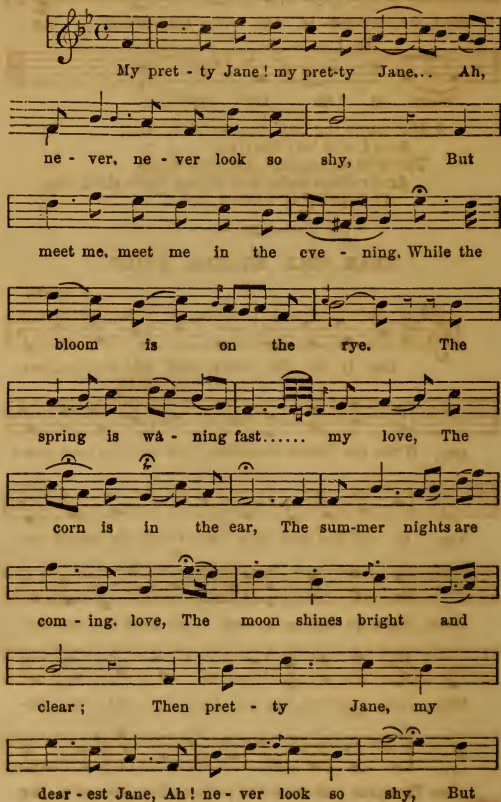
1 Be - low, a - bove, down there;

2 Hil - loa! say where— do tell!

3 I say—you o-ver there ' do tell, do tell us where!

## THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE.

HENRY R. BISHOP.



My pret - ty Jane! my pret-ty Jane... Ah,

ne - ver, ne - ver look so shy, But

meet me, meet me in the eve - ning, While the

bloom is on the rye. The

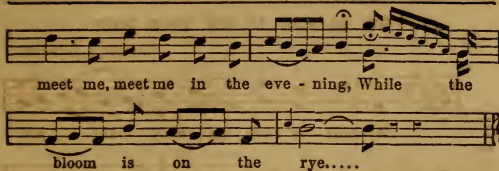
spring is wa - ning fast..... my love, The

corn is in the ear, The sum-mer nights are

com - ing. love, The moon shines bright and

clear; Then pret - ty Jane, my

dear - est Jane, Ah! ne - ver look so shy, But

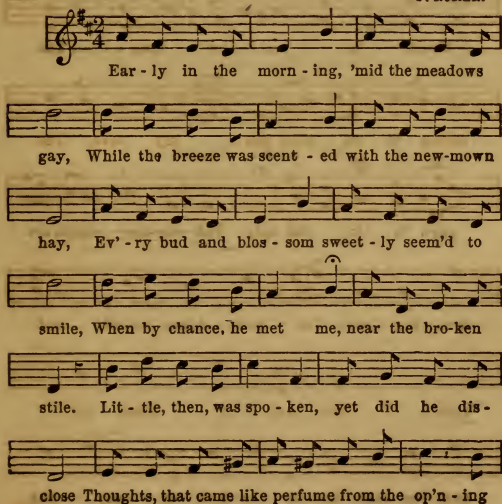


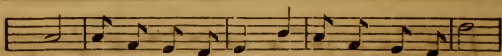
2 But name the day, the wedding day,  
And I will buy the ring :  
The lads and maids in favors white,  
And village bells, and village bells shall ring.  
The spring is waning, etc.



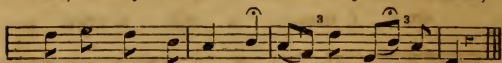
## NEAR THE BROKEN STILE.

F. ROMER.





rose, Ev' - ry bud and blos-som sweet - ly seem'd to smile,



When, by chance, he met me near the bro-ken stile.

- 2 Gaudy flow'rs were blooming, and the golden corn  
In the breeze was waving, at the early morn:  
When again I met him, ling'ring near the stile,  
Swift he came to greet me with a gentle smile.  
Earnest words were spoken, wand'ring by my side,  
'Till he claimed my promise that I'd be his bride.  
O! I love the morning when, with gentle smile,  
Swift he came to greet me, near the broken stile.

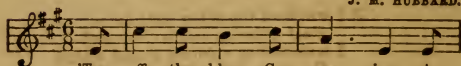
- 3 Soon beside the altar, hand in hand we stood,  
Heart to heart responded truly as they should,  
While above the vallies rose the morning sun,  
Voices whispered round us, he and I were one.  
Since that morn with pleasure ev'ry hour's been rife  
He calls me his treasure, and his darling wife,  
Gladly we remember, when with loving smile,  
Promises were given near the broken stile,



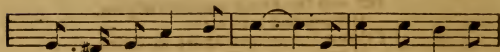
### MY LAST CIGAR.

Or, 'Twas off the Blue Canaries.

J. M. HUBBARD.



'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ries, A



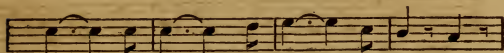
glo - ri - ous sum - mer day, I sat up - on the



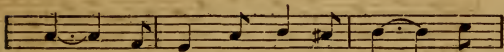
quar - ter deck, And whiff'd my cares a - way. And



as the volum'd smoke a - rose, Like in-cense in the



air, I breath'd a sigh to think in



sooth, It was my last Ci - gar, I



breath'd a sigh to think in



sooth, It was my last Ci - gar.

2 I leaned upon the quarter rail,  
And looked down in the sea,  
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke  
Was curling gracefully.  
Oh what had I at such a time  
To do with wasting care,  
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed  
It was my last Cigar.

3 I watched the ashes as it came  
Fast drawing toward the end—  
I watched as a friend would watch  
Beside a dying friend;  
But still the flame crept slowly on,  
It vanished into air—  
I threw it from me, spare the tale,  
It was my last Cigar.

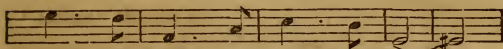
4 I've seen the land of all I love  
Fade in the distance dim—  
I've watched above the blighted heart,  
Where once proud hope hath been.  
But I've never known a sorrow  
That could with that compare,  
When off the blue Canaries  
I smoked my last Cigar

## HOW SO FAIR.

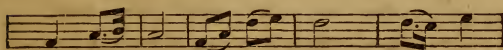
IN FLÖTOW'S "MARTHA."

How so fair stood she there,  
Fill - ing my heart with ex - ta - cy,  
And her smile did be - guile,  
While her eye shone ra - diant - ly. Then my  
heart with a start saw the fu - ture glow - ing,  
bright, But a - gain in deep pain, beats it  
while a - round deep night Dis - appear'd as she  
rear'd, And with her fled my re - pose Hate - ful  
life. hope - less strife, Wish that death would

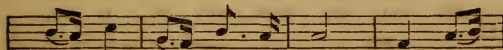




end my woes, would end my woes.



How so fair stood she there, Fill - ing



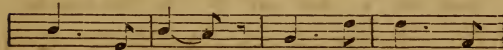
my heart with ex - ta - cy. And her



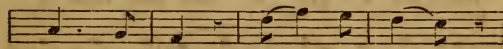
smile did be - - guile,..... While her



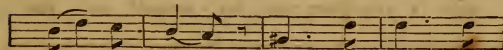
eye shone ra - diant - ly. Hate - ful life,



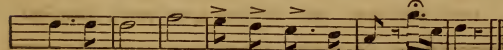
hope - less strife, Wish that death would



end my woes. Hate - ful life,



hope - less strife, Wish that death would



end my woes. Ah, wish that death would end my woes.

## ANGEL OF LIGHT.

LA FAVORITA.



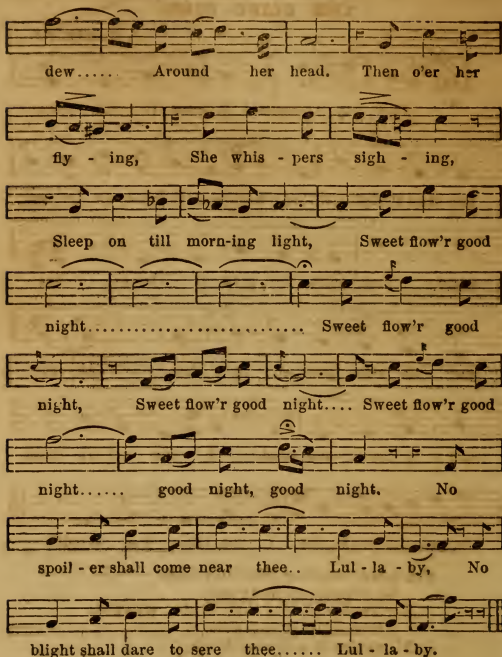
An - gel of light, fond - ly be - loved,  
 Who in a dream smiled on my heart,  
 Hence with my hope mourn - ful de - ceiv - er!  
 for ev - er fly, from me de - part! For ev - er fly, Ah!  
 from me depart! O, Lord! in my love for a  
 mor - tal. For thee my heart has beat-en less. A -  
 las! To thee my soul I ren - der, Grant  
 me, oh Lord, for - get - ful - ness, a - las! a -  
 las!..... An - gel of light, fond - ly be - lov - ed,  
 Who in a dream smiled on my heart, Hence with my hope,

mourn - ful de - ceiv - er, for ev - er fly,  
 from me de - part, for ev - er fly, for ev - er  
 fly, from me de - - part. Far from my  
 heart, oh fond - ly be - lov'd, for ev - er  
 fly, for ev - er fly, from me de - part.....

— ♪ —  
 OH! SUMMER NIGHT.

SERENADE IN "DON PASQUALE."

Oh, sum - mer night, So soft - ly  
 bright,.... How sweet the bow - er, Where  
 sleeps the cra - dled flow'r,..... The light gale  
 hies To rock her bed, And scat - ter

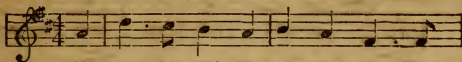


dew..... Around her head. Then o'er her  
 fly - ing, She whis - pers sigh - ing,  
 Sleep on till morn-ing light, Sweet flow'r good  
 night..... Sweet flow'r good  
 night, Sweet flow'r good night.... Sweet flow'r good  
 night..... good night, good night. No  
 spoil - er shall come near thee.. Lul - la - by, No  
 blight shall dare to sere thee..... Lul - la - by.

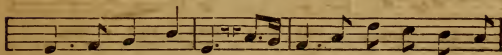
- 2 Oh! summer night, so softly bright,  
 How sweet the bower, where sleeps thy cradled flow'r  
 The light gale hies to rock her bed,  
 And scatter dew around her head,  
 The bud reposes, her veil she closes,  
 The gale sighs round with softer sound.  
 Sweet flow'r, good night, till morning light,  
 Sweet flow'r, good night, good night, good night.  
 Thy beauty's spell will charm thee, lullaby,  
 No stormy winds shall harm thee, lullaby, :|  
 Sweet flow'r good night, good night.

## THE BLIND GIRL.

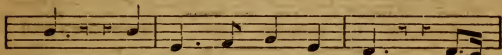
I. N. METCALF.



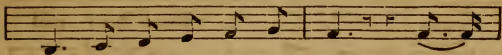
They say this world is beau - ti - ful, More



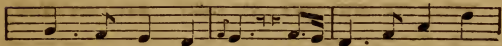
fair than thoughts of love ; And nightly comes an an - gel



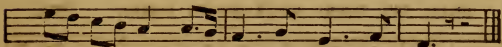
hand, That writes in gold a - bove ; But



ah ! 'tis view - less all to me, As the



soft - ly breath - ing wind, I can - not see those



beau-teous scenes, For I am blind, I'm blind,

2 I never saw the bird that sings  
 So sweetly to mine ear,  
 Nor snowy shroud that winter weaves,  
 Around the dying year ;  
 All nature is a sealed book,  
 Whose clasp I cannot find,  
 'Twas never meant for me to read,  
 For I am blind, I'm blind.

3 But ah ! they tell me far away,  
 In bright eternity,  
 There is a land o'erspread with flowers,  
 Which every eye can see ;  
 Where skies are ever soft and blue,  
 And silver streamlets wind ;  
 Oh ! when I reach that holy shore,  
 I shall no more be blind.

MY SOUL IS DARK.

C. E. PHILLIPS.

ADAGIO.

A TEMPO.

ADAGIO. A TEMPO.



My soul is dark— Oh' quick - ly

string the harp I yet can brook to hear, And

let thy gen - tle fin - gers ring Its

melt - ing mur - murs o'er mine ear; If

in this heart a hope be dear, That

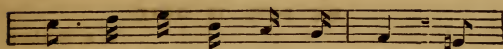
sound shall charm it forth a - gain; If in these eyes there

lurk a tear, 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my

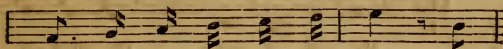
brain, 'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain. But

bid the strains be wild and deep, Nor

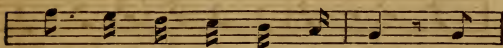




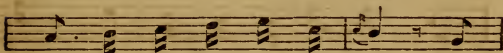
let thy notes of joy be first, I



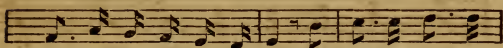
tell thee, min-strel, I must weep, Or



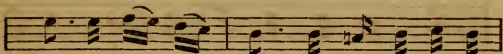
else this hea-vy heart will burst; For



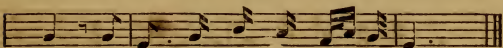
it hath been by sor-row nurs'd, And



ach'd in sleep-less silence long. And now 'tis doom'd to



know the worst, And break at once or yield to

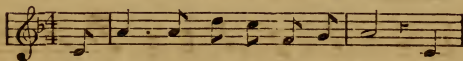


song, And break at once - yield to song.

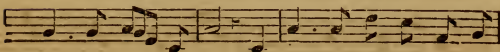


### SPEAK GENTLY.

W. V. WALLACE.



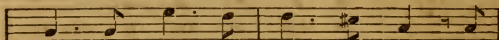
Speak gent-ly! it is bet-ter far, To



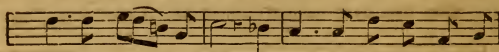
rule by love than fear. Speak gent-ly! let not harsh words



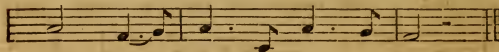
mar The good we might do here. Speak



gent - ly! love doth whis - per low, The



vows that true hearts bind ; And gent-ly friendship's accents



flow— Af - - fec - tion's voice is kind.

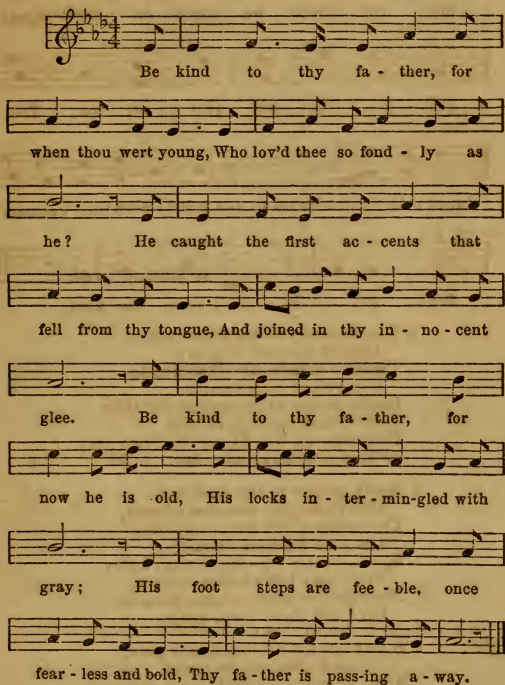
- 2 Speak gently to the little child,  
 Its love be sure to gain ;  
 Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
 It may not long remain.  
 Speak gently to the young, for they  
 Will have enough to bear,  
 Pass through this life as best they may,  
 'Tis full of anxious care.

- 3 Speak gently to the aged one,  
 Grieve not the care-worn heart,  
 The sands of life are nearly run,  
 Let such in peace depart.  
 Speak gently ! to the erring, know  
 They may have toiled in vain,  
 Perhaps unkindness made them so  
 Oh ! win them back again.

- 4 Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,  
 Let no harsh tone be heard,  
 They have enough they must endure,  
 Without an unkind word.  
 Speak gently, 'tis a little thing  
 Dropped in the heart's deep well,  
 The good, the joy which it may bring,  
 Eternity shall tell.

## BE KIND TO THE LOV'D ONES AT HOME.

I. B. WOODBURY.



Be kind to thy fa - ther, for  
 when thou wert young, Who lov'd thee so fond - ly as  
 he? He caught the first ac - cents that  
 fell from thy tongue, And joined in thy in - no - cent  
 glee. Be kind to thy fa - ther, for  
 now he is old, His locks in - ter - min - gled with  
 gray; His foot steps are fee - ble, once  
 fear - less and bold, Thy fa - ther is pass - ing a - way.

- 2 Be kind to thy mother—for lo ! on her brow  
 May traces of sorrow be seen ;  
 Oh ! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her now,  
 For loving and kind hath she been.  
 Remember thy mother, for thee will she pray,  
 As long as God giveth her breath ;

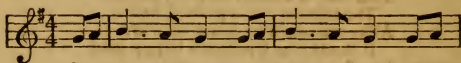
With accents of kindness then cheer her lone way,  
E'en to the dark valley of death.

- 3 Be kind to thy brother—his heart will have dearth,  
If the smile of thy joy be withdrawn:  
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,  
If the dew of affection be gone,  
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are,  
The love of a brother shall be  
An ornament purer and richer by far  
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

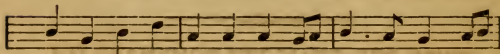
- 4 Be kind to thy sister—not many may know  
The depth of true sisterly love;  
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below  
The surface that sparkles above.  
Be kind to thy father, once fearless and bold,  
Be kind to thy mother so near:  
Be kind to thy brother, nor show thy heart cold,  
Be kind to thy sister so dear.



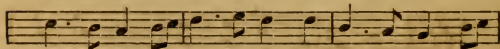
### OUR FLAG IS THERE!



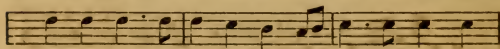
Our flag is there! our flag is there! We'll



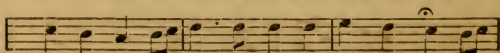
hail it with three loud huzzas! Our flag is there! our



flag is there! Behold the glorious stripes and stars! Stout



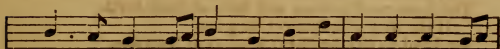
hearts have fought for that bright flag, Strong hands sustained it



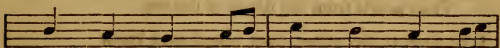
mast head high, And oh! to see how proud it waves, Brings



tears of joy to ev - 'ry eye, Our flag is there! our



flag is there! We'll hail it with three loud huzzas! Our



flag is there! Our flag is there! Be-



hold the glo - rious stripes and stars.

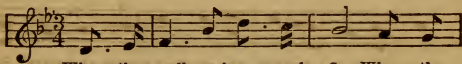
- 2 That flag has stood the battle's roar,  
 With foeman stout, with foemen brave,  
 Strong hands have sought that flag to low'r,  
 And found a speedy, watery grave!  
 That flag is known on ev'ry shore,  
 The standard of a gallant band,  
 Alike unstain'd in peace or war,  
 It floats o'er freedom's happy land.

*Chorus.* Our flag, etc.

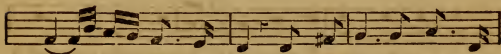


### WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

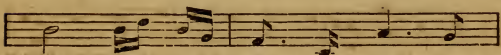
ABT.



When the swallows home-ward fly, When the



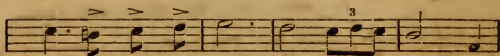
ro - ses scat - ter'd lie, When from neither hill nor



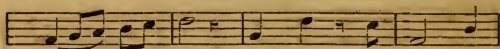
dale, Chants the silv' - ry night - in -



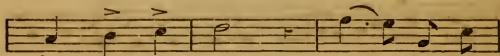
gale, In these words my bleeding heart, Would to



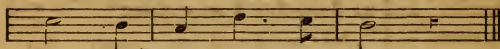
thee its grief im - part, When I thus thine



im - age lose, Can I, ah, can I



e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah.



can I e'er know re - pose.

- 2 When the white swan southward roves,  
To seek at noon the orange groves,  
When the red tints of the West,  
Prove the sun has gone to rest,  
In these words, etc.

- 3 Hush my heart, why thus complain,  
Thou must too thy woes contain,  
Though on earth no more we rove,  
Loudly breathing vows of love,  
Thou my heart must find relief,  
Yielding to these words belief;  
I shall see thy form again,  
Though to-day we part again,  
Though to-day we part again.



## THE MOTHER'S VOW.

H. WATERJ.

I saw a lit - tle suff' - rer  
 lie, Up - on its cra - dle bed; Dis -  
 ease had stamp'd with ear - ly blight, The  
 rose of health had fled, And bend-ing o'er that in - fant's  
 couch, A fair young moth - er wept; Her  
 heart flow'd out in anguish'd words, While she her vi - gil  
 kept, While she her vi - gil kept.

- 2 Oh, must my boy, my loved one die,  
 Oh, must he haste away,  
 And must I give him to the tomb,  
 In life's fair opening day?  
 Just as he twines his tiny arms,  
 Around his mother's neck,  
 Oh, must the ties of new-born love  
 Thus early snap and break?

- 3 Oh God, in pity spare my boy,  
 Take not my only son;  
 I cannot live upon the earth,  
 Without my darling one.

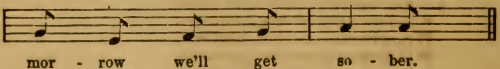
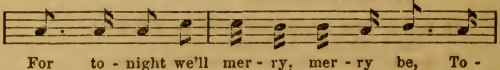
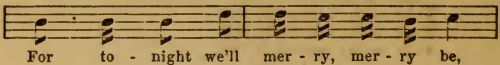
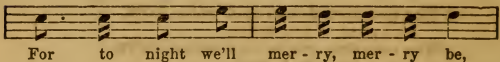
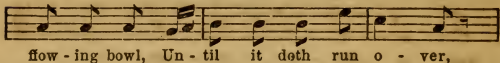
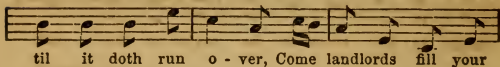
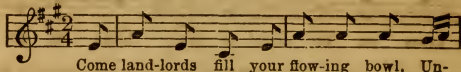
I cannot, cannot give thee up,  
 My heart's love and delight!  
 How can I give thee to the tomb,  
 And death's long cheerless night?

4 Oh God, if in this heart enshrin'd,  
 The object of each thought,  
 I've made thy gift an idol there,  
 The giver quite forgot;  
 Forgive the sin, Oh, spare my child!  
 Henceforth my aim shall be,  
 To take this idol from its throne,  
 And give my heart to thee.

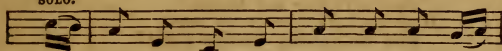


# COME LANDLORDS FILL YOUR FLOWING BOWL,

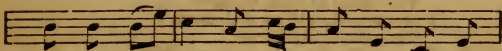
CHORUS. *Allegro.*



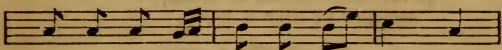
## SOLO.



The man that drinks good whis - key punch, And



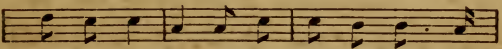
goes to bed mel - low, The man that drinks good



whis-key punch, And goes to bed mel - low,

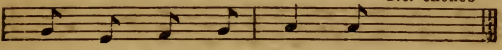


Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he



ought to live, Lives as he ought to live, And

## D.C. CHORUS



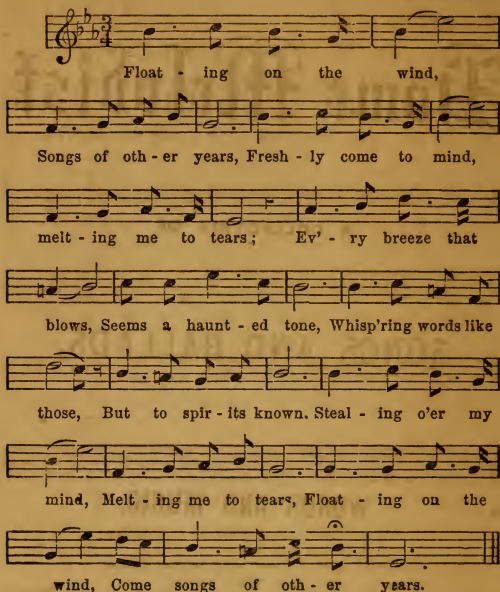
dies a clew - er fel - low.

- 2 The man that drinks cold water, boys,  
 And goes to bed sober,  
 The man that drinks cold water, boys,  
 And goes to bed sober,  
 Falls as the leaves do fall,  
 Falls as the leaves do fall,  
 Falls as the leaves do fall,  
 And dies in October.

- 3 But he who drinks just what he wants,  
 And getteth "half seas over,"  
 But he who drinks just what he wants,  
 And getteth "half seas over,"  
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,  
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,  
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,  
 And then lay down in clover.

## FLOATING ON THE WIND.

S. GLOVER.



Float - ing on the wind,  
 Songs of oth - er years, Fresh - ly come to mind,  
 melt - ing me to tears; Ev' - ry breeze that  
 blows, Seems a haunt - ed tone, Whisp'ring words like  
 those, But to spir - its known. Steal - ing o'er my  
 mind, Melt - ing me to tears, Float - ing on the  
 wind, Come songs of oth - er years.

2 Oh! ye mystic songs,  
 Blending with the air,  
 How my spirit longs  
 In your joys to share,  
 Where from harps unseen  
 Music of the mind,  
 Earth and heav'n between  
 Floats upon the wind.

*Chorus.* Stealing o'er, etc.









